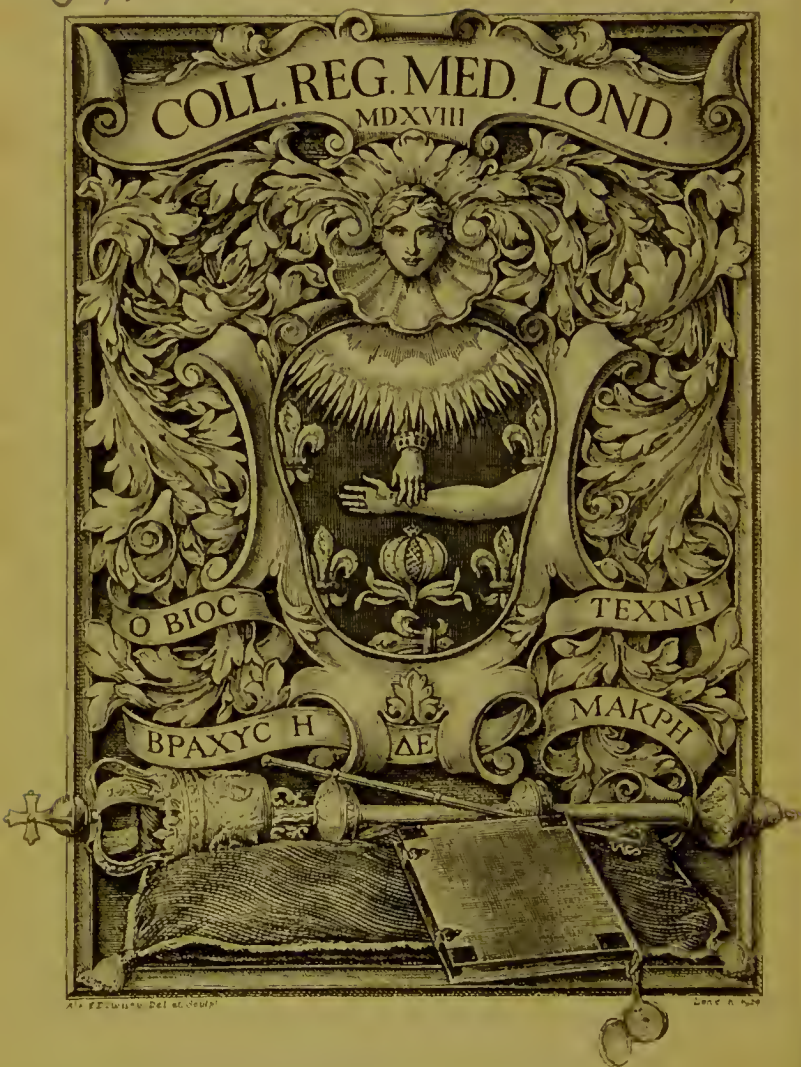


HYMNS  
BY  
A PHYSICIAN

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# HYMNS

BY

A PHYSICIAN,

FOR

THE SICK, THE CONVALESCENT,

*&c. &c.  
John Gordon*

(ORIGINAL.)

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1872.

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PUBLISHED BY

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THESE Hymns are altogether unsectarian, touching on the vital principles of Christian faith and life, to the exclusion of all doubtful and disputed questions.

They are thus in accord with the Churches of England and Scotland and all those whose nonconformity is based solely on forms of ecclesiastical government.

Happily most, if not all popular hymns occupy this high and sacred ground. Hence we are accustomed to hear, in all congregations of worshippers, hymns written by high and low Churchmen, Romanists, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Moravians, Baptists, Independents, &c. &c.,—a pleasing evidence of the essential “unity of the faith” amid the utmost diversity of opinions.

The “Common Salvation,” and the phases of human thought and feeling in relation to it, admit of modes of expression and illustration absolutely illimitable. Hymns and hymn writers, therefore, can never be too numerous.

The appropriateness of hymns as forms of adoration, thanksgiving, praise, and prayer, in the public or private worship of God, is universally admitted. Whether they have been adopted as a means of instruction, so far as they are suited to that purpose, may be doubted.

These hymns, by a Physician, or at least many of them, claim the acceptance of the Christian public as being suitable for invalids, whether in the present actual sufferings of sickness, during the calm hours of slow recovery (convalescence), or when conscious of the near approach of death.

Whatever may be done at these times by the skill of the physician, or the ministration of affection, for the relief of bodily pain,—the mind and heart are most in need of support and consolation.

The love of God, the redemption of Christ, the communion of the Holy Spirit, clearly apprehended, will give peace, resignation, comfort, and joy.

That these hymns may explain, enforce, and bring home to some hearts, and consciences the great truths of the Gospel, is the desire and prayer of the Author. See Note A. at the end.

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# HYMNS

FOR THE SICK, THE CONVALESCENT,  
THE CONTRITE, &c.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

---

**I** JESUS SAID:—

*“If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.”—John, ch. xiv, v. 23.*

---

**A**LTHOUGH we see thee not, we love thee, Lord!  
Sinful and weak, we strive to keep thy word;  
Make thy abode with us—and strength impart,  
That we may love thee with a perfect heart.

Send us the Holy Ghost, who, one with thee,  
Our light, our guide, and comforter may be;  
Teach us the Father and thyself to know—  
Thy presence will eternal life bestow.

Make thy abode with us—or we shall fail  
When Satan and the world our souls assail;  
In all temptation arm us with thy word—  
We have no refuge but in thee our God.

Hungering and thirsting in a weary way,  
 Be thou our sheltering rock, our guard and stay;  
 Make thy abode with us,—and near our home  
 No pestilence, no ills, no sin can come.

Make thy abode with us—that we may be  
 Released from bondage and by truth made free;  
 Cover our nakedness, and make our dress  
 The spotless robe of thine own righteousness.

Make thy abode with us—if thou art near  
 No evil tidings can excite our fear;  
 Thou wilt preserve our souls, provide our food,  
 Lovers and friends, and every needful good.

Make thy abode with us—oh guest divine!  
 Where all we love and all we have is thine,  
 Nothing we need but thee to sanctify  
 And crown our blessings with thy presence nigh.

Thou hast ascended to thy throne above;  
 Yet, dwelling in our hearts, by faith and love,  
 We see thy wondrous works, we hear thy voice,  
 And in thy might and majesty rejoice.

Make thy abode with us—with thee is peace;  
 Grief disappears, and all our troubles cease;  
 Strong in thy strength we would our powers employ,  
 Humbly to serve our God with holy joy.

Make thy abode with us—that we may prove  
 The breadth and height of thy unbounded love;  
 From love divine no power thy saints can sever,  
 They will abide with thee in bliss for ever.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

**2** *Psalm 23. Psalm 80. Isaiah 40, 11. Jer. 2, 2. John 10.*

Shepherd of Israel! thou did'st lead thy flock  
Kindly and safely all the desert through;  
Fed them with bread from heaven, and from the rock—  
Emblem and type of Christ,—their water drew.

Thou art our Shepherd still,—though we like sheep  
Of from thy fold have wildly gone astray;  
Thy tender care restored us, and will keep  
Our wayward feet in wisdom's peaceful way.

Thou hast supplied our wants and gently led  
Thy faithful followers through life's stormy ways;  
Before our foes a bounteous table spread—  
Goodness and mercy guard us all our days.

Oh thou good shepherd, mid the desert sands  
And noon-day heat, thou art a sheltering rock;  
No powers of evil, from thy Father's hand,  
Can pluck the meanest member of thy flock.

Dying thyself for us that we might live,  
Ascending to thy glorious throne above,  
Thy promise is eternal life to give,  
To all who thy commands fulfil in love.

Though the dark shades of death and of the grave  
Spread o'er our souls, yet will we fear no ill;  
Shepherd of Israel! thou art near to save,  
Thy rod and staff shall be our comfort still.

In thy bright world above thou hast a fold  
Of peace, and joy, and everlasting rest,  
Where thy redeemed, secure, thy face behold  
In righteousness, and are supremely blest.

## CHRIST THE LIVING VINE.

**3** *Psalm 50, 8. Psalm 92, 13. Matthew 15, 13.*  
*"As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me."—John 15.*

Brought from Egypt by thy hand,  
 Planted, watered by thy care,  
 In the heavenly vineyard stand,  
 Trees in beauty strong and fair;  
 Saviour, by thy power divine,  
 Graft me on the living vine.

Withered, in myself, and weak,  
 Make of me a fruitful bough;  
 Helpless I thy favor seek,  
 Who can life impart but thou?  
 Graft me on the living vine,  
 Let me life derive from thine.

Once encumbering the land,  
 As a wild and barren tree,  
 Now, transplanted by thy hand,  
 Drawing all my strength from thee:  
 Blossoms, leaves, and fruit I raise,  
 To thy glory and thy praise.

**4** GOD BE MERCIFUL TO US AND BLESS US.—Psalm 67.

Reveal thyself to us, O Lord, in might;  
 Chase from our minds the clouds of grief and sadness;  
 Turn, by thy truth, our darkness into light;  
 Pour on our souls the oil of joy and gladness.

We trust to thee alone,—fulfil thy word;  
 Grant us repentance and thy Holy Spirit;  
 Give us, all merciful and gracious Lord,  
 Pardon and peace for the Redeemer's merit.



## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

5 "*By grace ye are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.*"—Ephesians 2, 3.

Jesus, thy sovereign grace must give  
The faith by which thy people live.  
To us, oh Lord, that grace impart—  
The faith which sanctifies the heart.

Fain would we all thy words believe,  
Thy precious promises receive,  
Pardon and peace and joy and rest,  
For ever in thy presence blest.

What though no sign to us is given,  
Although we hear no voice from heaven,  
Yet faith assures us thou art near,  
Our feet to guide, our prayers to hear.

Lord give us faith and hope and love,  
To fit us for our home above;  
A lively hope, our souls to cheer,  
That perfect love which casts out fear.

6 GRACE. 2 Corinth. 12, 9.

When sin and weakness fill my eyes with tears,  
And clouds of doubt conceal my Father's face,  
Lord send the Comforter to quell my fears,  
And teach my heart to know thy sovereign grace

Poor are my efforts to obey thy will;  
Thou knowest my frame, rememberest I am dust;  
Of my own strength the helplessness I feel,  
Yet in thy perfect righteousness I trust.

Sufficient is thy grace, oh Jesus, Lord,  
Hast thou not said ALL sin may be forgiven?  
Oh, by thy truth, thy spirit, and thy word,  
Lord, sanctify and make me meet for heaven.

## SICKNESS. 1.

7 “*Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.*”—Hebrews 12, 6.

Born of a fallen and a guilty race,  
The pains and weaknsses I suffer now,  
To thy just judgment on my sins I trace,  
And humbly to thy holy will would bow.

Let me but know it is a Father's hand,  
In love, inflicting pain,—a chastening rod,  
Obedient to and waiting thy command  
To bring my soul to trust in thee my God.

Thou the exalted Prince and Saviour art,  
To give repentance from thy throne above;  
Implant conviction and convert the heart,  
From Satan's service to thy faith and love.

Oh thou compassionate and gracious Lord,  
Redeem my soul from death; regard my tears;  
Send me the Comforter and, by thy word,  
Revive my spirit, and remove my fears.

Let me but hear, by faith, thy cheering voice  
Call me thy son; declare my sins forgiven;  
Then shall I in my deep distress rejoice,  
And, patient, wait thy time, assured of heaven.

8 SICKNESS. 2. Psalm 25.

Saviour on my affliction look,  
Regard with pity my distress;  
Blot my transgressions from thy book,  
And clothe me in thy righteousness.

That righteousness, which is by faith  
On all who, sprinkled with thy blood,  
Can apprehend thy life and death,  
And trust and love th'incarnate God.

Jesus, thou mighty art to save,  
 To thee all power and grace is given;  
 Redeem thy servant from the grave,  
 And give my soul a place in heaven.

### SICKNESS. 3.

9 “*Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on us.*—Luke, 18, 39.

Thou Son of David, whither shall we look  
 For pity, pardon, help in every need,  
 Save to the pages of thy holy book,  
 Where of thy love and grace divine we read?

Thou art a shelter from the stormy wind,  
 A covert from the noon-day's hurtful heat;  
 Thy power alone can ease the troubled mind,  
 And in the paths of peace direct our feet.

Thou for our oft infirmities canst feel,  
 For thou hast for us suffered, bled, and died;  
 Lord, by thy Spirit, to our hearts reveal  
 Thy lovingkindness—all our frailties hide.

Remember not our sins—for in thy word  
 Is written thou Almighty art to save  
 Sinners who trust in thee—oh Jesus, Lord,  
 Redeem our souls from death and from the grave.

The volume of the book declares of thee  
 That thou hast ever done the Father's will;  
 Although thy throne in heaven no eye can see,  
 Thine out-stretched arm defends thy people still.

Grant us, oh Lord, that we may daily grow  
 In knowledge, virtue, and in saving grace;  
 Fulfilling all thy will with zeal below,  
 And soon, in righteousness, behold thy face.

Shrouded with doubts, enthralled by fears,  
 Oppressed by sicknesses and grief,  
 Wetting my nightly couch with tears,  
 Where shall I turn to seek relief?

Looking around no light is seen,  
 Lovers and friends are fled and gone;  
 Thiek darkness overspreads the scene,  
 Leaving me helpless and alone.

"There is no hope for him in God,"—  
 Such is the language of my foe;  
 "Lying beneath his chastening rod,  
 Leave him to sink beneath his woe."

But in my uttermost distress,  
 Thou, Lord, wilt pity and forgive;  
 Thy word is truth and righteousness,  
 Oh quicken me and bid me live.

On thee my burden I would cast,  
 Thy promise is my sins to bear;  
 Leave me not, Lord, to sink at last,  
 Into the gulf of dark despair.

Thou art the God of consolation,  
 Shew me thy reconciled face;  
 Grant me, oh Lord, thy free salvation,  
 And everlasting hope, through grace.

So shall thy holy will be mine,  
 So shall I know my sins forgiven;  
 Clad in thy righteousness divine,  
 Fit for eternal life in heaven.

## SICKNESS. 5.

*"I am the Lord that healeth thee."* Exodus 15, 26.

Jesus, Healer, great Physician,  
Thou dost all my sufferings know;  
Pitying, look on my condition,  
Thou alone canst ease bestow.

Saviour, in this trying hour,  
Let me feel thy healing power.

Thou the author of my being,  
Body, soul, and spirit made;  
'Tis alone of thy decreeing,  
Troubles or disease invade;  
All obey thy mighty word,—  
Thou of life and death art Lord.

Whether now I die or live,  
Resteth on thy will alone;  
Calm and resignation give,  
Let me say: "thy will be done."  
Living, I would live to thee;  
Dying,—Lord my portion be.

## SICKNESS. 6.

*"Jesus went about all Galilee\*\* healing all manner of sickness, &c."*  
Matthew 4. 23.

Oh thou who didst the lepers heal,  
Make the deaf hear, the blind to see,  
Who can for all our weakness feel,  
We come with fervent prayer to thee.

Open our eyes, unstop our ears,  
Arouse the monitor within;  
Excite our hearts with holy fears  
Of the worse leprosy of sin.

With hyssop and the sprinkled blood,  
 With which thou didst for sin atone,  
 Cleanse and present our souls to God,  
 Faultless to stand before the throne.

## 13

## SICKNESS. 7.

*"Have mercy upon me, oh Lord, for I am weak: oh Lord heal me for my bones are sore vexed."*—Psalm 6, 2.

Lord, in pain, to thee I ery,  
 Hear my prayer and send relief;  
 Faith assures me thou art nigh,  
 Help, oh Lord, my unbelief.

Fecble is my frame and frail,  
 Wearied with my groans and tears;  
 Let thy pitying love prevail,  
 Strength impart and quell my fears.

On my deep affliction look,  
 All my guilt and sin forgive;  
 Blot their memory from thy book,  
 Bid me to revive and live.

Let me all thy goodness know,  
 Let me feel thy power divine;  
 Graciously thy peace bestow,  
 Make my will conform to thine.

If this siekness is to death,  
 If my earthly end is eome,  
 Lord reeeive my parting breath,  
 Take me to thy heavenly home.

## INCURABLE DISEASE. 1.

[4] *My times are in Thy hand.*—Psalm 31, 15.

There is in mortal life a solemn hour  
 When hope from human aid has failed and gone—  
 When we are in the great destroyer's power,  
 And left, in feebleness, with God alone.

How precious then the name of Jesus sounds:  
 For we, in him, a mediator find;  
 One whose almighty power can heal our wounds;  
 One who is ever sympathizing—kind.

Saviour, when in that hour to thee we look,  
 Oh hear our cry—turn not away thy face;  
 Blot our transgressions from the dreadful book;  
 Subdue our fears, and calm our hearts by grace.

Give us repentance; help us to believe,—  
 Thy word, thy power, thy all-abounding love;  
 That we may, so, thy promised aid receive,  
 And contemplate with joy a rest above.

At the approaching end, Lord be thou nigh;  
 No other arm but thine alone can save;  
 Deprive death of its sting; and victory  
 Give to thy trembling servant o'er the grave.

In all our sufferings, Lord, assurance give  
 That brief and light will our afflictions be;  
 We shall, through grace, in joy and glory live,  
 Throughout a blest eternity, with thee. Amen.

*“In the midst of life we are in death; of whom shall we seek for succour but of thee, oh Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased ?”*—Burial Service.

In the mid'st of life and health,  
 Death is ever near at hand;  
 Neither poverty nor wealth,  
 Can his dread assault withstand.

High and low, the rich, the poor,  
 Must his fatal call obey;  
 Knocking at the palace door,  
 Entering in the hut of clay.

Though we know life's end is sure,  
 In our present strength we trust;  
 Thus the awful thought endure,  
 That we shall return to dust.

When incurable disease  
 Tells us that the time is come,  
 Fixed the limit of our days,  
 Nearing our eternal home,

Graecious Lord remove our fears;  
 Set us from their bondage free;  
 Cheer our hearts, and dry our tears;  
 We would put our trust in thee.

Since the sting of death is sin,  
 Lord, thy pardoning mercy shew;  
 Courage give and peace within,  
 Humbly to thy will we bow.



To thy cross in faith we look,  
 Thou our sins did there sustain;  
 On thyself our burden took,  
 For our everlasting gain.

Jesus, with our latest breath,  
 We will speak thy power to save;  
 Take from us the sting of death,  
 Give us victory o'er the grave.

In th' eternal home above,  
 If we find the humblest place,  
 Lord, 'twill be thy boundless love,  
 And unfathomable grace.

We, ourselves, unworthy are;  
 Filthy rags our fairest dress;  
 Fit us for thy presence there,  
 With thy robe of righteousness.

## 16

## THE SAINTS' REST.

*"Here we have no continuing city; but we seek one to come."*

Hebrews 13, 14.

July 31, 1872.

Grief follows grief, and sorrow chases sorrow,  
 Whither from care and suffering shall we flee?  
 Our sun may shine to-day—clouds come to-morrow,  
 Happy, oh Lord, the man who trusts in thee.

This world is not our rest—here, day by day,  
 Losses and changes, sins and evils come;  
 In shadows vain we tread a weary way,  
 Teach, Lord, our hearts to seek a better home.

There is a rest provided where, in peace,  
 Rivers of pleasure will for ever flow ;  
 Where life and happiness will never cease ;  
 As we are known of God—so we shall know.

Thine, oh believer, is that happy place,  
 A house above by all thy loved ones shared ;  
 Redeemed and sanctified by sov'reign grace,  
 And for the saints' inheritance prepared.

There will thy hallowed powers find sweet employ,  
 The myst'ries of God's wondrous works, and word,  
 And providence will know. The crown of joy,  
 The glorious presence of our King and Lord.

## 17 CONVALESCENCE. 1.

*“Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, and healeth all thy diseases.” Ps. 103.*

Released from pain, with strength renewed,  
 With health restored and spirits free,  
 I would with humble gratitude,  
 Ascribe these blessings, Lord, to thee.

To thee I cried in my distress,  
 My prayers were heard, my fears removed,  
 Thou hast, oh God of righteousness !  
 A present help in trouble proved.

Thou, from the bed of death, hast brought  
 My soul by faith in thee to live ;  
 Thy wondrous power and kindness taught,  
 Disease to heal, and sin forgive.

Grant me thy constant presence Lord,  
 That all the remnant of my days  
 May, in accordance with thy word,  
 Be spent in ceaseless prayer and praise.

Oh thou the source and giver of all good,  
 We to thy bounty owe our daily food ;  
 'Tis by thy wisdom and thy mighty power,  
 Our life and being lasts from hour to hour.

When pain or sickness and disease invade  
 These wondrous frames thy skilful hand hath made,  
 'Tis not by chance we thus become their prey,  
 Thy holy will and ord'nance they obey.

They are thy messengers—thy chastening rod,  
 To prove our faith, and draw us near to God ;  
 Thou dost, in judgment, mercy show us still,  
 Afford relief and temper every ill.

To med'cines thou their healing virtues give,  
 Stayest disease and bidst the sufferer live ;  
 Strengthen'st the languishing upon his bed,  
 And giv'st repose to ease the throbbing head.

With blessings all thy chastenings are fraught ;  
 By them our hearts to wisdom's ways are brought,  
 Our footsteps guided in the paths of peace,  
 Leading to worlds where pain and sorrow cease.

Lord, when thy hand lay heavy on my head,  
 When rest and ease forsook my weary bed,  
 When, in the dark, I sought the morning light,  
 And all the day long'd for the coming night,

In fever'd heat, like summer's parchèd drought,  
 Scarce could I feel, or scarce control my thought,  
 Clouds gathered round, for me no hope appeared,  
 By God forgotten, or forsaken, feared,

Lord, unto thee I cried, and thou did'st hear,  
 Sent me relief in answer to my prayer,  
 All my transgressions freely did'st forgive,  
 Bade me in peace and joy—arise and live.

Thou hast redeemed me from the power of death,  
 Restored my soul, renewed my living breath,  
 Grant, Lord, thy grace, that my remaining days,  
 Be in thy service spent and to thy praise.

## 19

*DE PROFUNDIS.*

*“Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.”—Psalm 130*

Whilst in the bondage of the fear of death,  
 And overwhelmed by terrors of the grave,  
 Knowing how soon we must resign our breath,  
 Anxious, we look for ONE our souls to save.

Out of the depths of our distress, we call  
 To thee, oh Lord for pardon and for grace ;  
 If thou should'st strictly mark our sins, we all  
 Must be for ever banished from thy face.

But there is still with thee forgiveness found ;  
 Trusting to thee, this blessing we receive ;  
 Above our sins thy grace doth more abound,  
 If we thy precious promises believe.

Judgment and mercy, righteousness and peace,  
 Are reconciled by thy covenant love ;  
 We look beyond the grave—our terrors cease ;  
 Death will but bring eternal life above.

## FOR ATTENDANTS ON THE SICK.

20

*"O deal with thy servant according to thy loving mercy."*

Psalm 119, 124.

Watching by a sufferer's bed  
 Through the weary hours of night,  
 Lord I seek thy gracious aid,  
 Guide my hands and heart aright.

Lord thy mighty power I know,  
 Thou didst life and being give;  
 Pity on the weak bestow,  
 Bid the sick revive and live.

We have used the means thy favour  
 Hast supplied to ease our pain,  
 But without thy blessing, Saviour,  
 Means and efforts are in vain.

Teach the sufferer to submit  
 To thy will, and, by thy rod,  
 Sanctify and make him fit  
 For the presence of his God.

Should it, Lord, be thy decree,  
 Now should cease his fleeting breath,  
 Fix his faith and hope on thee,  
 Take away the sting from death.

Saviour let thy kingdom come,  
 Banish sorrow, sin, and pain,  
 Bring thy waiting people home,  
 Take thy saints with thee to reign.

## CHURCHING OF WOMEN.

21

(AFTER CHILDBIRTH.)

*"I will go into thy house \* \* I will pay thee my vows which my lips have uttered and my mouth hath spoken when I was in trouble.—Psalm 66, 14.*

Lord to the wonted place of prayer,  
Wherein thy faithful people meet,  
I would, with thankful heart, repair,  
To lay my offerings at thy feet.

The health, I dedicate to thee,  
Which thou, in mercy, hast restored;  
Grant that my future life may be  
Spent in thy service, gracious Lord.

The child thy favour hast bestowed,  
Take to thine own especial care;  
Guide it throughout life's thorny road,  
And guard it from the tempter's snare.

Saviour I would to thee commend,  
Husband and child,—our guardian be,  
In all our needs a present friend;  
Unite our hearts in love to thee.

Thy promised grace to us impart,  
Help us to know and trust thy word;  
Dwell, by thy Spirit, in our heart,  
Shew us thy loving-kindness, Lord.

I holy, humble, pure would be;  
By faith and hope in thee would live;  
My springs of joy are all in thee,  
'Tis thine eternal life to give.

*"Now, also, when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not."*—Psalm 71, 18.

Whilst so unworthy of thy mercies, Lord,  
My soul is sore disquieted within,  
Yet would I trust the promise of thy word,  
To give repentance and to pardon sin.

Though thou art holy, and thy searching eyes  
Have set my secret sins before thy face,  
A contrite heart thou, Lord, wilt not despise,  
Nor to the penitent deny thy grace.

My worthiest actions and my holiest thought  
Are sinful still—with unbelief defiled;  
Nor have I ever trusted as I ought  
A Father's love to me, an erring child.

Too oft my wayward heart, with griefs and fears,  
Has been distressed—forgetful of thy word  
And promised grace to wipe away all tears  
From off the face of those who love thee, Lord.

In early childhood and in thoughtless youth,  
Through manhood, and in hoary age till now,  
Thou hast upheld me with thy power and truth,  
And who could guide and guard and help but thou?

Help me to spend my few remaining days  
With holy reverence and filial love,  
Doing thy will on earth,—and sing thy praise  
With thy redeemed, in thy bright realms above.

## 23

## A G E. 2.

*"Even to old age I am he, even to hoar hairs will I carry you; even I will carry and will deliver you.—Isaiah 46, 4.*

Evil and dark the days, to flesh and blood,  
Age and infirmity bring swiftly on;  
Who shall our helper be but thou, O Lord,  
The merciful, the kind, the changeless One.

Born in iniquity, conceived in sin,  
We are no better than our fathers were;  
Yet we and they through all our lives have been  
The objects of Almighty love and care.

Redeemed from evil,—saved from many snares,  
Taught by thy grace reliance on thy word,  
Where shall our burthened spirits lay our cares,  
Save on thy cross, thou dying, loving Lord.

Whence have we hopes of life beyond the grave—  
A life of holy service without end—  
Save from thee, Lord, who mighty art to save,  
Jesus our King, our Priest, our Heavenly Friend.

## 24

## LIFE AND DEATH.

*"Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."—*

*2 Timothy 1, 10.*

We muse on life beyond the grave—  
An endless life from sorrow free;  
Vainly, with all our powers, we strive  
To penetrate death's mystery.

Unconsciously our life began;  
Our being nature's law imposes;  
Slowly we grow from child to man,  
And all in death and darkness closes.



What is this life we thus inherit?  
 Whence have we come, and whither tend?  
 Have we within a deathless spirit—  
 For joy or sorrow without end?

When we have passed death's gloomy portal,  
 Do sense and thought and memory die?  
 Whither has fled the past immortal,  
 When mouldering in the dust we lie?

Vainly we ask, in awe and dread;  
 No voice is heard, no vision seen;  
 Between the living and the dead,  
 No intercourse has ever been.

But lo! a heavenly vision bright,  
 Dawns in the east—a voice of peace  
 Brings immortality to light,  
 And bids our fears and doubting cease.

A light of morning glory breaks  
 Over the darkness of the grave—  
 Of everlasting life it speaks,  
 And ONE who mighty is to save.

One who will life, as man, begin,  
 Will grow in stature, wise and good,  
 Pass through all trials without sin,  
 And honour all the laws of God.

A power divine that life reveals,  
 Perfect in holiness and grace;  
 It soothes all sorrow, sickness heals,  
 And gives the troubled conscience peace.

No man could speak like him. No one  
 Of Adam's race so sinless be;  
 In all his acts the Godhead shone,  
 The perfect form of Deity.

Suff'ring and dying for our sake,  
 A triumph over death achieved,  
 And all immortal life partake,  
 Who the Redeemer's power believed.

To all who faithfully receive  
 The proffered grace, and trust in God,  
 Who, in their inmost heart believe,  
 And walk the path the Saviour trod.

To such as do his will on earth,  
 The Holy Spirit will be given;  
 A life divine, a second birth,  
 And everlasting joy in heaven.

Thus the dark veil has been withdrawn  
 Which time and sin had o'er us spread;  
 Shadows disperse—a glorious morn  
 Breaks on the night which wraps the dead.

We cease departed friends to mourn,  
 We trust them to a Saviour's love;  
 With a good hope, through grace, we soon  
 Shall share their bliss in realms above.

## 25

## REST IN JESUS.

*"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matthew 11, 28.*

Weary,—heavy-laden,—weak,  
 Jesus, at thy invitation,  
 I thy grace and mercy seek,  
 Visit me with thy salvation.  
     Sin and evil will prevail,  
     Should thy gracious promise fail.

Looking back on my transgression,  
 Seeing how my sins abound,  
 Lord I make the sad confession,  
 Nothing good in me is found.  
     Pity, pardon, mercy give,  
     Bid the dead arise and live.

Dead in trespasses and sin,  
 Such must be my fearful case,  
 Till thy Spirit dwells within,  
 Quickening me by sovereign grace.  
     Thou hast said that all receive,  
     Who thy love and power believe.

Lord I would accept thy word  
 As the truth, the life and light;  
 Graciously thine aid afford,  
 That I may believe aright.  
     I accept thy invitation,  
     Come to thee to find salvation.

*"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father."*—James 1, 17.

Heavenly Father thou hast led us  
Kindly on through life till now,  
By thy bounty cloth'd and fed us,  
Who can so provide but thou?

Never leave us or forsake us—  
Every hour we need thy care;  
As adopted children take us;  
Pity us and hear our prayer.

We esteem thy grace and favour  
More than aught the world can give;  
Thou, our only Lord and Saviour,  
In thy presence we would live.

Never let thy loving-kindness  
To thy faithful people cease;  
Oh forgive our sin and blindness,  
Lead us in the paths of peace.

Make us humble, poor in spirit,  
Mourning for our guilt and sin;  
Meek, thy kingdom to inherit,  
Merciful and pure within.

Peaceful make us, hating strife,  
Clothe us in thy spotless dress;  
Hung'ring for the Bread of Life,  
Thirsting for thy righteousness.

*"Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food convenient for me."*—Proverbs 38, 8.

Thou Lord dost life and being give ;  
By thy support alone we live ;  
Thy bounteous hand supplies our food,  
Clothing and every needful good.

Thou hast in beauty all things clad,  
Made by thy gifts all creatures glad ;  
The silver, ere it leaves the mine,  
All gold, all precious things are thine.

Thy hand our barns with plenty fills ;  
The cattle on a thousand hills,  
The fertile earth, the teeming sea,  
Belong, oh Lord, by right to thee.

Naked into the world we come ;  
'Tis thine to choose for us a home,  
Assign our parentage and birth,  
And fix our lot upon the earth.

To some thou hast in fulness given  
The choicest gifts of earth and heaven,—  
Freedom from toil, abounding wealth,  
Lovers and friends, with strength and health.

These bounties thou hast not supplied  
For waste in luxury or pride ;  
They are but for a season lent,  
To be in humble service spent.—

To aid the needy in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless ;  
To spread the knowledge of thy laws,  
And to promote the Saviour's cause.

There are who compass land and seas  
 In search of pleasing novelties ;  
 Who waste their time, their riches spend,  
 Pursuing every selfish end.

Others in adding store to store,  
 As riches grow, still eovet more ;  
 House add to house, join field to field,  
 Hoping that wealth content will yield.

When they lie mouldering in the dust,  
 Still on their riches place their trust,  
 Thinking their houses will endure,  
 And be without God's aid secure.

Lord, grant to me my daily bread ;  
 Pour thy best blessing on my head ;  
 Impart the joy of pardon'd sin ;  
 And make me wholly pure within.

Teach me thy ways, that I may see  
 All my desire and hope in thee ;  
 Give me, in heaven, the lowliest place,  
 Where I may dwell and see thy face.

Thy providence and grace, we know,  
 From wisdom, love, and goodness flow ;  
 Though clouds and darkness veil thee round,  
 Light will be by the righteous found.

In faith I would commend to thee  
 My children and posterity ;  
 Our father's God—their hope and friend,  
 Thou wilt not fail us to the end.

## POVERTY.

*"To the poor the gospel is preached."*—Luke 7, 22; 4, 18.

When in suffering, pain or woe,  
Destitution, loss, or grief,  
Where, oh Saviour, shall we go,  
Save to thee to seek relief.

Poor and needy, oft in fear,  
Friends forsook and helpers none,  
Shew us, Lord, that thou art near,  
We would trust in thee alone.

Poor our lodgings, scant our bread,  
Thou didst feel and suffer thus,  
Had not where to lay thy head,  
Thou canst sympathise with us.

Oft we deem ourselves forsaken,  
Smitten by thy chast'ning rod,  
Yet thou hast the kingdom taken,  
Ruling o'er the world as God.

Have we not thy promised blessing,  
Shall we not these ills endure?  
Whilst, by faith, all things possessing,  
Bread provided, water sure?

Have we not the Holy Spirit?  
With thee and the Father one—  
And thine all-sufficient merit,  
As our plea before the throne?

Have we not those mansions blest,  
Without hands prepared above?  
An inheritance of rest,  
With thy presence and thy love?

Keep us from presumptuous sin;  
 All our secret faults forgive;  
 Make us holy—pure within—  
 Meet, with thee, in heaven to live.

Then, whatever ills assail,  
 Sickness, poverty, or care,  
 Faith will over all prevail,  
 Jesus hears and answers prayer.

## 29

*"We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus."*  
 Ephesians 2, 10.

Jesus, when in contemplation  
 Of thy wondrous love and grace,  
 Dying to procure salvation  
 For our guilty, fallen race,  
 We would fall, in adoration,  
 In the dust before thy face.

From the dust thou first did take us,  
 Breath and life and being give;  
 In thy glorious image make us,  
 Bidding us obey and live;  
 Yielding to the first temptation,  
 We have marr'd thy fair creation.

Only thy life-giving Spirit  
 Can our hearts create anew;  
 Lord, thy righteousness and merit  
 May thine image, lost, renew.  
 We would, by that new creation,  
 Saviour, share in thy salvation.



## FAITH.

*Have faith in God.*—Mark 11, 22.

*Ye believe in God, believe also in me.*—John 14, 1.

Jesus, in thy gracious word,  
Thou hast said: "Have faith in God,"  
If we aim to do thy will—  
Thy good pleasure to fulfil—  
All our work on earth must be  
Faith in God and faith in thee,  
Since all blessing they receive  
Who unfeignedly believe.

When our sins before us rise,  
When contrition dims our eyes,  
When the terrors of the law  
Fill our hearts with dread and awe,  
Seeking, through the world around,  
Refuge none for us is found,  
Faith alone will yield relief,  
Calm our fears and banish grief.

Author of our faith and giver,  
End and finisher for ever,  
Give us, by thy grace, a faith,  
Triumphing o'er sin and death;  
Faith to feel thy presence nigh,  
Faith our souls to sanctify,  
Faith in thy sufficient merit,  
Faith in the indwelling Spirit,  
Faith in God our great Creator,  
Faith in thee the Mediator.

*"I said I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."*—Psalm 32, 3.

Almighty God, we now confess  
To thee our sins and helplessness ;  
We at thy footstool bow our knee,  
We have no hope, no help but thee.

We think, with mingled fear and awe,  
How oft we have transgressed thy law ;  
How oft we have despised thy grace,  
And from thee turn'd away our face.

Yet thy compassion, Lord, exceeds  
All our transgression, all our needs ;  
With thee is pard'ning mercy found,  
Thy grace beyond our sins abound.

Oh may we in our hearts believe,  
And so thy promised aid receive ;  
Hast thou not said thou wouldst forgive,  
And bid repentant sinners live ?

We would both trust and love thy word ;  
Thy word is truth, oh Jesus, Lord ;  
Grant us true penitence and faith,  
To triumph over sin and death.

Father of all—thou God of love,  
Saviour—our Advocate above,  
Oh Holy Ghost—of life the giver,  
Dwell in our hearts, henceforth, for ever.

*“If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”—1 John 1.*

Pity Lord my sad condition,  
 I am sinful, fearful, weak;  
 By repentance and contrition,  
 I would now thy mercy seek.  
     Turn not from me,—let thine ear  
     My confession, Saviour, hear.

From thy ways my feet have stray'd—  
 Wandering in forbidden ground;  
 Oft thy voice have disobeyed,  
 Seeking peace where none is found.  
     Turn not from me,—let thine ear  
     My confession, Saviour, hear.

Broken cisterns—hopes fallacious—  
 I have sought to fill my heart;  
 To my errors, Lord, be gracious,  
 All compassionate thou art.  
     Turn not from me,—let thine ear  
     My confession, Saviour, hear.

Unbelief—a conscience seared,  
 Memories with evil fraught,  
 Thou—who only should be feared—  
 Banished from my daily thought.  
     Turn not from me,—let thine ear  
     My confession, Saviour, hear.

Dost thou not forgiveness proffer  
 To the penitent and meek ?  
 Lord I take thy gracious offer,  
 And thy pard'ning mercy seek.  
     Disregard my deep demerit,  
     Sanctify me by thy Spirit.

Make my will conform to thine ;  
 Give me faith and hope and love ;  
 Fill my soul with joys divine ;  
 Take me to thy home above.  
     True and holy is thy word,  
     Thou art my Redeemer, Lord !

### 33

*Thou art our God and we will praise thee, our fathers' God, and  
 we will exalt thee.—Exodus 15, 2.*

Sing we to the Lord of glory,  
 Bless and praise his holy name ;  
 We repeat our fathers' story—  
 He, their God, is ours the same.

He created earth and heaven,  
 Formed us by his wond'rous skill ;  
 Of himself the knowledge given,  
 Taught us to obey his will.

He of old his people guided,  
 Guarded through this world of strife ;  
 Ever for their wants provided,  
 Gave them everlasting life.

Jesus, we, on thee believing,  
 Cast our present cares on thee ;  
 Daily blessings still receiving,  
 Trust thee for eternity.

## CONTRASTS.

When the sky above is fair,  
 When sweet music fills the air,  
 When the summer brings its flowers,  
 When, in pleasure, pass the hours,  
 When our homes with love are blest,  
 When our toils bring peace and rest,  
 When our barns with fruit are stored,  
 When with plenty teems our board,—

We would lift our eyes above,  
 Realize that God is love !

Lord, we then would mindful be,  
 That all blessings flow from thee !

When our days are dark and dreary,  
 When our hearts are faint and weary,  
 When we find all things are changed,  
 Love forsaken, friends estranged,  
 When we suffer pain and loss,  
 When our wealth has proved but dross,  
 When our evil days have come,  
 Death and sorrow reached our home,—

Lord we still would look to thee,  
 Thou our hope and portion be.

Make us, though beneath thy rod  
 Much afflicted, sons of God.

When our faith and courage fail,  
 When iniquities prevail,  
 When o'erwhelmed with guilt and sin,  
 Foes without and fears within,  
 When, forgetful of thy grace,  
 Clouds and darkness veil thy face,

When no joy or peace we find,  
 When to all thy mereies blind,—  
     Holy Ghost dispel our night,  
     Quicken us to life and light.  
 Lord forget us not nor leave us;  
 Jesus, thou hast died to save us.

When our hearts o'erflow with joy,  
 When thy praise our lips employ,  
 When we, with a cheerful voice,  
 With thy saints above rejoice,  
 When we, without stint or measure,  
 Drink the river of thy pleasure,  
 When, in rest, our souls are found,  
 Grace and peace in us abound,—  
     Keep us penitent and lowly,  
     Make us humble, meek and holy.  
 Saviour, only in thy blessing,  
 All we have or hope possessing.

## THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS. 1.

**35**

*PROPHECY. Isaiah 49.*

Listen! oh ye isles to me—  
     Hear, all people far and near;  
 Israel shall my servant be,  
     He shall teach the world my fear.

Though thou hast been long despised,  
     Scattered through all lands, and weak,  
 By the God of Jacob prizèd,  
     Thou shalt his salvation seek.

In obedience to thy Lord,  
 Trusting to his power and grace,  
 Carry the enlight'ning word,  
 To the fallen human race.

Summon all thy tribes to hear  
 Tidings of this great salvation;  
 Thus, converted, thou shalt bear,  
 Peace and joy to every nation.

Guide the wandering people's feet,  
 Where the streams of mercy flow,  
 Righteousness and justice meet,  
 Everlasting life bestow.

Kings and rulers thou shalt teach,  
 Setting Satan's prisoners free;  
 Christ—the great Messiah, preach,  
 'Till the heathen converts be.

Pierce the darkness of the night;  
 Help the traveller on his way;  
 Spread around the gospel light;  
 Usher in God's glorious day.

Thus, the truth proclaimed abroad,  
 Sin and error overcome,  
 All shall worship Israel's God,  
 All in Sion find a home.

36

*PROPHECY FULFILLED. 2.*

Sing, oh earth ! ye heavens rejoice !  
 Sion's children are restored;  
 Hills and valleys raise your voice !  
 Sing the praise of Jacob's God.

Though so long thou seemed forsaken,  
 God has come to thee at length;  
 In his arms thy ehildren taken,—  
 His is everlasting strength.

He will lead beside still waters;  
 He will feed with finest wheat;  
 Bringing all thy sons and daughters,  
 Joyful, to the Saviour's feet.

In the ritual Moses taught you,—  
 By your ancient prophet's word—  
 Has the Holy Spirit brought you,  
 To the eternal Son of God.

Christ, those ancient laws did give;  
 He has shed for us his blood—  
 Died, himself, that we may live;  
 Jesus is the lamb of God.

Types and symbols now may cease;  
 Sacrifice and altar gone;  
 Joined in righteousness and peace,  
 Jew and Gentile now are one.

Thus united we adore thee,  
 Lord, Jehovah, on thy throne,  
 Worshipping, we fall before thee,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit—One.

Saviour, let thy kingdom come;  
 From the dust thy people wake;  
 Bring them to thy heavenly home;  
 Let them of thy bliss partake.



Lord come quickly and restore,  
 All things like the first creation;  
 Banish death for evermore,  
 And complete thy great salvation.

## 37

## THE CROSS.

*"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord  
 Jesus Christ."*—Galations 6, 14.

Jesus, I glory in thy cross,  
 Whereon, for sin, thou didst atone;  
 All other things I count but dross,  
 All knowledge vain save that alone.

Believing that the Saviour died,  
 Piercèd and wounded in my stead,  
 The world to me is crucified,  
 I am to its allurements dead.

What are its honours, what its gold,  
 Its pleasures or its love to me?  
 Since I inherit wealth untold,  
 Possessing all things, Lord, in thee.

Risen with thee from sin and death,  
 Henceforth from fears and sorrow free,  
 When at thy call I yield my breath,  
 My spirit will return to thee.

Lord in thy promises I trust,  
 I with thy people shall revive,  
 Leave all corruption in the dust,  
 And in thy presence ever live.

## REDEMPTION.

Saviour, by thy precious blood,  
 Thou hast reconciled to God  
 All who will thy word receive,  
 And implicitly believe  
 In thy gospel and thy grace,  
 And thy terms of peace embrace.

Jesus, in thy boundless love,  
 Send thy Spirit from above,  
 Re-create our hearts anew,  
 Make us holy, just and true;  
 We thy promised mercy seek,  
 Make us humble, lowly, meek.

All thy gracious gifts impart :—  
 Resignation—joy of heart;  
 Fill us with thy love divine,  
 Make us now and ever thine,  
 That the good thy chosen sec,  
 Our inheritance may be.

Whilst thy purpose leaves us here,  
 We would serve thee without fear,  
 But, with an aspiring love,  
 Seek to reach thy courts above;  
 Grant us in the hour of death,  
 Full assurance—perfect faith.

Thou hast told us in thy word,  
 Never hath been seen or heard,  
 Nor conceived by man below,  
 Heavenly pleasures—but we know,  
 None from us thy love can sever,  
 We shall dwell with thee for ever.

**39** “*We walk by faith, not by sight.*”—2 Corinth. 5, 7.

As we, by faith, must walk, and not by sight,  
On our dark souls, Lord, shed thy gospel light;  
Without thy light, our light is dark within,—  
How deep that darkness, and how great our sin!

The powers of darkness with our hearts conspire—  
As the vexed ocean casts up dirt and mire—  
To rob us of our peace. Thy sovereign will  
And gracious voice alone says: “Peace, be still.”

Thy Spirit only can give inward peace,  
And make *our* spirit's dreary chaos cease;  
Thy word and truth our troubled minds reform,  
Compose the tumult and allay the storm.

Thy mercy, promised, with thy presence blest,  
Secure we may, in full assurance, rest;  
Our talents in thy service still employ,  
And wait thy time in quietness and joy.

## 40

### WILL YE ALSO GO AWAY?

“*Then said Jesus unto the twelve: ‘will ye also go away?’ Simon Peter answered him: ‘Lord, to whom shall we go?—thou hast the words of eternal life.’*”—John 6, 68.

Jesus, thou wert heard to say:  
“Will ye also go away?”  
When offended at thy word,  
Some forsook thee, gracious Lord.

Whither shall we go to seek  
 One so powerful yet so meek?  
 Whither shall we turn to find  
 One so condescending—kind?

Though in worldly guise so lowly,  
 All thy words and deeds are holy;  
 We can God the Father see,  
 Perfectly revealed in thee.

Thou the weary didst invoke  
 To receive thy easy yoke;  
 Bid the heavy-laden come  
 For repose within thy home.

Thou didst sorrow, sickness, take,  
 For thy loved disciple's sake;  
 Base ingratitude forgive,  
 Bid the dead arise and live.

Thou, to sight, restored the blind,  
 Healed diseases of the mind,  
 Every form of evil cured,  
 Every suffering endured.

Dying on the cross for men,  
 Rising to thy throne again,  
 Ever, in thy heaven above,  
 Mindful of thy people's love.

Lord, we would thy favour seek,  
 Make us humble, holy, meek;  
 Make us fitted to inherit,  
 As thy sons the Holy Spirit.

# 41 COMMUNION WITH GOD.

*"One thing have I desired of the Lord \* \* that I may dwell in the house of the Lord \* \* to behold the beauty of the Lord. \* \* In the time of trouble he will hide me in the secret of his tabernacle."*  
Psalm 27.

- One thing, O Lord, have I desired of thee :  
That in thy temple may be my abode,  
Thy beauty and thy majesty to see,  
And ever hold communion with my God.

Thy promised favour and thy boundless love,  
With the deep secret of thy presence near,  
No evil tidings can my spirit move,  
No strife of worldly tongues excite my fear.

Thou art my rock, and I can find repose  
Beneath thy shadow in a thirsty land ;  
Wander through deserts wild and fear no foes,  
Guided and guarded by thy mighty hand.

I lean upon the staff thy words supply,  
With thy support all sufferings can endure ;  
Sickness or want, or poverty defy,  
Bread will be given me, and water sure.

If sin or unbelief have hid thy face,  
I seek thy word of truth, wherein I read  
Of pardon for all sin, and strengthening grace  
In all temptations and in times of need.

May thy good Spirit dwell within my breast,  
To frame my prayers according to thy word,  
To guide me in the way that leads to rest  
And endless peace in presence of the Lord.

**42** "*Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.*"—Mark 9, 24.

Jesus, Master, Lord and Saviour,  
We believe thy gracious word,  
Humbly we would seek thy favour,  
Son of man and son of God !

Though from everlasting holy,  
Thou didst leave thy throne above,  
Took our nature, meek and lowly,  
In thy condescending love.

Through the blessed virgin's womb,  
Thou our mortal flesh didst take,  
Truly thou didst man become,  
Lived and suffered for our sake.

Never man could speak like thee,  
Words to pierce the contrite breast,—  
"Come ye weary ones to me,  
I will give thee peace and rest."

Sickness healing—sins forgiving,  
Finding for the hungry food,  
All men's wants and fears relieving,  
Ever kind and doing good.

Lord, what should our glory be,  
Looking at thy life and cross ?  
In comparison with thee  
All the wealth of worlds is dross.

Take the veil of sin away  
From our hearts, by sovereign grace,  
Jesus—Lord—that thus we may  
See thy reconcilèd face.

Draw us with the cords of love,  
 Sanctify us by thy Spirit,  
 Bring us to thy rest above,  
 To the worlds thy saints inherit.

## 43

*“Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of  
 thy law.”—Psalm 119, 18.*

Wondrous of old, the Hebrew prophet's story,  
 Told to a fallen and rebellious race ;  
 The mighty God should leave his throne of glory,  
 With sinful man to converse face to face.

Wondrous to recognise in one so lowly,  
 Of David's lineage, yet of humble birth,  
 Living in poverty,—most pure and holy,  
 The sov'reign ruler both of heaven and earth.

Wondrous, beyond all thought, his condescension !  
 Wondrous his words, his wisdom, power, and love !  
 Wondrous his life, his death, and his ascension—  
 To be our Priest and Advocate above !

Wondrous the great salvation he has wrought !  
 Precious the gifts obtained for us and given !  
 A guide divine, supplied, believers brought,  
 Through all afflictions, to the joys of heaven.

Lord, grant that we may stedfastly believe  
 Thy word, thy power, thy promises, thy love,  
 The proffered blessings from thy hand receive,  
 And reach thy saints' inheritance above.

## 44

## ASSURANCE. 1.

*"Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith."*  
Hebrews 10, 22.

Why should we doubt thy promise, Lord,  
To pardon sin, and peace bestow  
To all who trust thy pledgèd word,  
And humbly walk with Thee below.

Sufficient is thy power to save  
All who believe from every ill;  
Thy word didst still the stormy wave,  
And bid the troubled sea be still.

Great is thy might, and great thy love,  
The sovereign Lord of all thou art,  
And those, thy lovingkindness prove,  
Who yield to thee a willing heart.

Thou art the giver of all good !  
Grant us repentance, faith and love;  
Nourish our souls with heavenly food,  
Fit us to dwell with thee above.

## 45

## ASSURANCE. 2.

Saviour, I thy word believe,  
Sinful though I am and weak,  
All who ask thy grace receive,  
All will pardon find who seek.

Lord, I have thy favour sought,  
Mourned for sin, my guilt confessed,  
To thy cross my sorrows brought,  
Thou hast given me peace and rest.



I would hence my life employ,  
 In thy service bless'd by thee,  
 Running through my course with joy,  
 Made, like all thy people, free.

Trusting to thy power to save,  
 Doubting not thy boundless love,  
 I shall triumph o'er the grave,  
 Ever dwell with thee above.

## 46

*"Unite my heart to fear thy name."*—Psalm 86, 11.

Unite my heart to fear thy name,  
 For thou, oh Lord, art God alone:  
 From everlasting still the same,  
 The mighty, good, and gracious one.

In trouble, Lord, to thee I sought;  
 My prayer was heard and succour came;  
 Comfort and help thy Spirit brought,  
 And filled my foes with fear and shame.

Teach me thy truth, and strength impart;  
 Forgive my sins, my terrors quell;  
 Shew me thy tokens, fill my heart  
 With peace and joy unspeakable.

Thee would I worship and adore,  
 Saviour! Redeemer! Lord and King!  
 And in thy presence, evermore,  
 Thy glory and thy praises sing.

## IN TROUBLE.

*"Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears,  
and my feet from falling."—Psalm 116.*

Weary, sinful, helpless, weak,  
Tossed upon a troubled sea,  
Lord, thy gracious aid I seek,  
I would rest my soul on thee.

Doubts and fears my heart assail,  
Oft absorbed in worldly cares;  
Let not Satan's arts prevail,  
Save me from the tempter's snares.

Oft the terrors of the grave  
On my burthened spirits press;  
Mighty is thine arm to save  
From the uttermost distress.

Save me from the world and sin,  
Set me from their bondage free;  
Give me faith and peace within,  
Oh! unite my heart to thee.

In thy favour life is found,—  
Shew thy reconciled face;  
Let thy love in me abound;  
Save me by thy sov'reign grace.

*"All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made."*

John 1, 3.

All in nature fair and bright,  
Every beauteous thing we see,  
Every form of life and light,  
Emanates, oh Lord, from thee.

In thy majesty arrayed,  
Heaven and earth thy glory show;  
By thy power were all things made,  
From thy love all blessings flow.

When thy favour and thy grace  
In our hearts and minds abound,  
In thy reconciled face,  
Perfect joy and bliss are found.

Grant us, Lord, the consolation  
Of thy Spirit and thy love;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Fit us for thy realms above.

Arm us with the shield of faith,  
Tell us all our sin's forgiven;  
Make us conquerors over death,  
Bring us to thy home in heaven.

## 49

## THE SABBATH.

Sweet is the sacred Sabbath day!  
 A day appointed by the Lord,  
 That we may worship, praise, and pray,  
 And hear and learn his holy word.

This day by God of old was blest,  
 Bidding our cares and labours cease,—  
 An emblem of his heavenly rest,  
 We spend its hours in holy peace.

Lord be thy presenee ever near;  
 Fill us with faith and hope and love;  
 Our hearts to comfort, spirits cheer,  
 Until we reach our rest above.

Help us to understand thy will,  
 Strengthen our feeble hearts by grace,  
 Till all thy pleasure we fulfil,  
 And we behold thee face to face.

## 50

## WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Watchman, what of the night?  
 Has the dawn of the morning begun,  
 Has the darkness of ignorance taken its flight,  
 From the beams of the rising sun?

Watchman, what of the night?  
 The morning has risen for all,  
 But darkness still strives with morning light,  
 And is spread o'er the earth as a pall.

Watchman, what of the night?

Sin and sorrow still darken the mind,  
Till the life-giving Spirit shall come in his might,  
To enlighten the eyes of the blind.

Watchman, what of the night?

We await the day-star from above,  
To redeem our souls from the shadow of death,  
By the light of his marvellous love!

Watchman, what of the night?

He who first formed the light by his word,  
Hath shed on our hearts the beams of his truth,  
By his grace are we light in the Lord!

**51**     "*Thou art my hiding place.*"—Psalm 32, 7.

Sun of righteousness arise,  
Spread o'er us thy healing wings,  
Chase all darkness from our eyes,  
Keep us from all hurtful things.

Be a shelter and a tower,  
Where, in danger, we may hide,  
Safely from the tempter's power,  
Keep us ever by thy side.

Arm'd with truth—the Spirit's sword,  
Guarded by the shield of faith,  
Drawing courage from thy word,  
Keep us faithful unto death.

When this earthly frame we quit,  
Though unknown the future be,  
Jesus, we ourselves commit,  
For eternity to thee.

Come, return unto the Lord,  
 Weary, fallen sinners, come,  
 Trust his promise, take his word,  
 He will lead us wanderers home.

Say to God: "Thy pard'ning grace,  
 Through the Saviour freely given,  
 Can alone our guilt efface,  
 Purify our souls for heaven.

Vainly other strength we trust,  
 Birth, or works our hands have done,  
 We cast such idols to the dust,  
 And rest our hopes on thee alone."

The fatherless, in thee have found  
 Merely, forgiveness, peace and joy,—  
 Wisdom and holiness abound,  
 And prayer and praise their lips employ.

**53** *"My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."*—2 Corinth, 12, 9.

Lord I would hear thee say to me:  
 "In weakness, strength from me derive;  
 My grace sufficient is for thee,  
 Against thy sinful nature strive."

"Never will I forsake or leave  
 The man who, trusting in my word,  
 Doth in my promises believe,  
 And stays his soul upon his God."

All weary ones thou didst invite  
 To ease on thee their sinful load;  
 To take the cross—thy burthen light,  
 The easy yoke of serving God.

Lord sanctify my wayward heart,  
 Dwell in my soul a guest divine,  
 Fountain of peace, thy love impart,  
 And make my will conform to thine.

## 54

*"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright  
 in heart."*—Psalm 97, 11.

Though with snares our path is strewn,  
 All around us dark may be,  
 Light is for the righteous sown,  
 In thy light we light shall see.

Not our goodness or our merit,  
 Can for us the victory win;  
 Weak ourselves, we all inherit  
 From our fathers guilt and sin.

We with goodness are at strife,  
 Darkness holds us in its sway,  
 Until Christ, our light and life,  
 Leads us into wisdom's way.

We are needy, fearful, weak,  
 Oft in danger and distress,  
 Lord thy gracious aid we seek,  
 Clothe us in thy righteousness.

In our spirits meek and lowly,  
 Contrite, faithful, we would be;  
 Make us pure in heart and holy,  
 Meet to dwell in heaven with thee.

## 55

## PEACE.

*"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you."*—John 14, 27.

Saviour, thou thy peace didst leave  
To all who in thy word believe;  
The peace of God, which those who know,  
Experience heaven begun below.

Sin is the root and source of strife,  
Imparting bitterness to life;  
The stormy seas, the raging wind,  
Are emblems of the sinful mind.

The world, with all its gifts, imparts  
No solid peace to troubled hearts;  
Jesus, thy word of power gives peace,  
And bids the inward tumult cease.

When we can turn our thoughts above,  
And realize that God is love,  
Hearing our prayers and pardoning sin,  
Then we enjoy this peace within.

## 56

## PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

Oh thou, the fountain of all good,  
Who didst our life and being give,  
Whose providence provides our food,  
By whose support alone we live,

Thou, Lord, alone canst grace bestow,  
Repentance give, and faith impart,  
Help us eternal truth to know,  
And fill with joy and peace the heart.



When dead in trespasses and sins,  
 Thy Spirit quickened us, and gave  
 A blest assurance of thy will,  
 And mighty power our souls to save.

Lord we accept thy proffered grace,  
 Believing all our sins forgiven;  
 We would our Saviour's footsteps trace,  
 And follow in his path to heaven.

## 57

### THE SAINT'S TREASURE.

*"The fear of the Lord is thy treasure."*—Isaiah 33, 6.

*"Where your treasure is there will your heart be also."*  
 Matthew 6, 21.

Whilst all the world around, intent on pleasure,  
 Seeks it in wealth, in honours, or in fame,  
 Help me, O Lord, to make thy fear my treasure,  
 And all my happiness to love thy name.

When, with the crowd, I to thy house repair,  
 To seek renewing and refreshing grace,  
 May I, by faith, perceive thy presence there,  
 And strength obtain to run the heavenward race.

Lord hear my prayer, accept my adoration,  
 When at thy feet a sinful man I fall;  
 Extend to me thy mercy and salvation,  
 Be thou my joy, my life, my all in all.

Send down to me thy sanctifying Spirit,  
 To guide my life according to thy word;  
 Not for my deeds but Christ's transcendant merit,  
 I hope to find acceptance with thee, Lord.

## 58

## MORNING.

*"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord."*—Psalm 5, 3.

The morning of another day has come,  
 Let us assemble, at the throne of grace,  
 All the loved dwellers in our peaceful home,  
 And seek for strength to run our daily race.

Our prayers and praises, Lord, to thee we give;  
 Thy care preserved us through the hours of night;  
 Help us, that we may in thy presence live,  
 And follow thee as children of the light.

We make confession of our sins before thee,—  
 Oft our transgressions; great our guilt appears;  
 For promised pardon, Lord, we would adore thee,  
 Accept our worship, and dispel our fears.

Thy lovingkindness every morn impart,  
 Thy faithfulness and truth confirm at even;  
 Grant us thy grace to sanctify our hearts,  
 And every day a foretaste make of heaven.

## 59

## MID-DAY.

*"Evening and morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud,  
 and he shall hear my voice."*—Psalm 55, 17.

Now the sun has risen on high,  
 In the sultry noon-tide hour,  
 In the light which guilds the sky,  
 Lord we see thy mighty power.

In the soft refreshing wind,  
 In the clouds which float above,  
 In the cooling shade we find,  
 Tokens of thy grace and love.

Lord it was thy sheltering arm,  
 Kept us safely through the night;  
 Still preserve us from all harm,  
 In the busy hours of light.

As the shadow of a rock  
 In a dry and thirsty land,  
 Yields refreshment to the flock,  
 Guided by the shepherd's hand,—

In the busy haunts of men,  
 Worldly cares engross the heart;  
 May thy Spirit's graces then,  
 Calm and quietness impart.

As we would have others do,  
 So let our own actions be;  
 Make us generous, kind, and true,  
 Ever dutiful to thee.

Shield us from the scorching heat,  
 By thy kind and constant care;  
 Guide and keep our willing feet,  
 Free from every hurtful snare.

Whether morning, noon, or night,  
 Ever with thy presence blest,  
 We, as children of the light,  
 Seek in thee eternal rest.

## 60

## EVENING. 1.

Jesus bless us ere the day  
 Into evening fades away;  
 In the twilight, calm and dim,  
 Lord, accept our thankful hymn,  
 For the guidance on our way,  
 Thou hast given us through the day.

As we lay us down to rest,  
 By thy gracious presence blest,  
 In the darkness of the night,  
 Shine upon us with thy light;  
 Saviour, thou wilt safely keep  
 All who love thee while they sleep.

In our wakeful hours appear,  
 Banish sorrow, quell our fear;  
 We, in praise and songs of joy,  
 Would our hearts and tongues employ;  
 Let us not ungrateful be  
 For the goodness shewn by thee.

## 61

## EVENING. 2.

Another day is past and night is come;  
 Darkness and light are both alike to thee!  
 Abide with us, and make our humble home  
 A temple where, we may thy presence see.

Lord in thy presence there is joy and peace,  
 And holy love, and calm in every breast;  
 Then hope prevails and sins and sorrow cease.  
 Thou art the source whence we would seek our rest.

Abide with us while in this vale of tears;  
 In all our weakness, needful strength supply;  
 On our afflictions look—supplant our fears  
 With a good hope, through grace, when called to die.

Abide with us,—and we shall sin no more;  
 All powers of darkness from thy presence flee;  
 Guard us, through every danger, to that shore  
 Where thy redeemed shall ever live with thee.

## 62

### THE EVENING OF LIFE.

Ere the hour of twilight closes,  
     And in darkness sinks the night,  
 On thy word my soul reposes,  
     Eventide shall still be light.

Though the day of life is over,  
     The declining sun shines bright,  
 Roseate hues the dark skies cover,  
     At eventide there still is light.

Lord thy promised presence never  
     From thy people is withdrawn,  
 Thou their light and life art ever,  
     'Till the eternal morning dawn.

Dark the vale of death may be,  
     Never parted from thy side,  
 In thy light we light shall see,  
     With thy likeness satisfied.

## 63

## MIDNIGHT.

*"I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches."*—Psalm 63.

When, in the silent darkness of the night,  
I, sleepless, lie with cares and fear opprest,  
Shed Lord, into my soul thy truth and light,  
And by thy Spirit, give me peace and rest.

Quicken my memory in thy written word,—  
Thine angels watch around thy servants keep;  
Grant me the hope thy promises afford,  
For so thou givest thy beloved sleep.

If sorrows flee before the opening day,  
I owe to thee the joy the morning brings;  
Thou Sun of Righteousness, spread o'er my way,  
The healing balm of thy o'ershadowing wings.

Throughout the day preserve me from all sin,  
For day and night are both alike to thee;  
Be ever present, give me peace within,  
My hope on earth, in heaven my portion be.

## 64

CHRIST, OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST,  
AND  
ALL-SUFFICIENT SAVIOUR.

Redeemer of the world, though on the throne  
As man exalted, heaven is thy abode!  
One with the Father, with the Spirit one,  
Thou art with man an ever-present God.

Thou great High Priest, no other priest we need,  
 Thou hast, for ever, full atonement made!  
 Entered the holiest, there to intercede,  
 And bring down blessings on thy servants' head.

Thou art our only Mediator, Lord;  
 Vainly on saints or angels should we call;  
 Thou art the life, the truth, the light, the word,  
 Our King and Saviour thou, our all in all.

All that we are, or have, we owe to thee;  
 Oh fill our hearts with love, our efforts bless;  
 To serve thee while we live, our pattern be;  
 We hail thee as the Lord our righteousness!

## 65

### JUDGMENT TEMPERED WITH MERCY.

"Dying, thou shalt die," was the decree,  
 Justly pronounced on fallen, guilty man;  
 "Henceforth shall life a time of suffering be,  
 Laborious, painful, and of shorter span."

Mercy with judgment mingled even then,  
 Thou, Lord, thyself, would the Redeemer be,  
 And dwelt on earth, as man with sinful men,  
 To save from sin all who believe in thee.

With Abraham and his seed the covenant made,  
 By thine immutable, almighty word,  
 Has, through the ages, been to us conveyed,  
 And we the blessing have through thee, the Lord.

Thy lovingkindnesses shall never cease;  
 Thy righteousness imputed still will be;  
 For thou wilt ever pardon, joy, and peace,  
 Impart through faith to all who trust in thee.

## 66

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

*"The communion of the Holy Ghost."*—2 Corinth. 13, 14.

Come thou Spirit, just and holy,  
 Greatest of the gifts of God,  
 Make us contrite, humble, lowly,  
 Fit us for thine own abode;  
 Meek and holy would we be,  
 Meet for fellowship with thee.

Sin will ever have dominion  
 Over us till thou appear,  
 Till thy gentle dove-like pinion  
 Comfort bring to banish fear.  
 Thou of life and light art giver,  
 Come and dwell in us for ever.

Though so often we have grieved thee,  
 With our sin and stubborn will,  
 Yet we often have believed thee,  
 Sought thee and desire thee still.  
 Never leave us nor forsake us,  
 Into thy communion take us.

## 67

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

In the assemblies of thy people, Lord,  
 Be present as the sanctifying Spirit;  
 Graft in our hearts the doctrines of thy word,  
 Build all our hopes on Christ's sufficient merit.

Our wandering thoughts to worldly pleasures rove,  
 Our oft besetting sins invade us there,  
 Hide from our eyes thy all-forbearing love,  
 Mix with our praises and pollute our prayer.



That thou art greater than our hearts we feel,  
 Thou knowest all things, we thy promise plead;  
 Pardon our sins and our backslidings heal,  
 And from thy fulness, infinite, supply our need.

Make us a holy habitation—ever blest,  
 Where we may see thy reconciled face;  
 Christ, the foundation stone, and this our rest,  
 Crown with the topstone of thy sovereign grace.

## 68

*“When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.”—Isaiah 26.*

When of thy judgments, Lord, we hear,  
 Which thou of old on Israel sent,  
 Our hearts are overwhelmed with fear,  
 Low in the dust would we repent.

For we, too, from thy ways have strayed,  
 Thy holy laws and precepts broke;  
 Nor have we, at thy call, obeyed  
 The words thy chosen prophets spoke.

Yet, Lord, thou hast declared thy will  
 That sinners should return and live;  
 Thy gracious promise now fulfil,  
 And the awakening Spirit give.

We, of ourselves, no power possess;  
 From thee we must all strength receive;  
 There is in us no righteousness,—  
 Through grace, alone, can we believe.

Jesus, we plead thy life and death,  
 Thy righteousness and love divine;  
 Graft in our hearts the saving faith,  
 That thou art ours and we are thine.

*"When I would do good, evil is present with me."*—Romans 7, 18

Whilst some believe that grace belongs  
To those alone who pure within,  
Are just and good, and do no wrong,  
With guileless hearts, and free from sin.—

Lord, I am sinful and distress  
With terrors as I read thy word,  
So oft have I thy law transgressed,  
Thy precepts are exceeding broad.

Thy Spirit, as a two-edged sword,  
Pierces my inmost nature through,  
My secret sins, though most abhorred,  
Are brought, by light divine, to view.

Not one good thing in me is found;  
Unholy are my thoughts, and vile;  
My heart is like the stony ground,—  
Hard and deceitful,—full of guile.

When I essay to do thy will,  
My best resolves and efforts fail;  
Evil is present with me still,  
And must, without thy grace, prevail.

Mercy I seek—shew pity, Lord!  
Create anew and cleanse my heart!  
Hast thou not promised in thy word  
To pardon sin, and peace impart?

Saviour, thou didst not come to earth  
To call the righteous,—but to give  
Repentance, faith, a second birth,  
And bid dead sinners, rise and live.

## CREATION.

*Genesis* 1, 31. *Revelation* 4, 11. *Psalms* 139, 17.

How precious are thy thoughts, oh Lord,  
To all who read thy holy word;  
And trace in nature's works thy hand,  
This wondrous world thy wisdom plann'd.

Thy boundless skill is seen on high,—  
The myriad stars that deck the sky,  
The moon by night, the sun by day,  
Thy greatness and thy power display.

By understanding thou didst form  
The highest heaven, the humblest worm;  
The tribes of air and earth and sea,  
All owe their being, Lord, to thee.

All living things, in field and flood,  
Tell us of their Creator—God;  
The fruitful field, the desert bare,  
Alike the objects of thy care.

As fashioned by thy hand they stood;  
All things were fair, and all were good;  
Thou, their Creator, took delight  
In thine own works—so vast, so bright.

For ever, Lord, thy words endure,  
Thy precepts are for ever sure;  
Summer and winter, night and day,  
For ever fixed, thy laws obey.

Thy bounteous hands still daily feed,  
Thy providence supplies the need  
Of every creature—Lord, we raise  
Our hearts to thee in love and praise.

## 71 CREATION AND REVELATION.

Can we his mighty power deny  
 Who made the earth and formed the sky,—  
 Created suns to scatter light,  
 And moons to reign and cheer the night?

Lord, when we view thy starry host,  
 In awe and wonder we are lost;  
 That beings, such as man, can be  
 Objects of thought and care to thee.

Yet every thing that lives and breathes,  
 Thy providential care receives;  
 Thy bounteous hand supplies their food,  
 And gives them every needful good.

To man thou gavest thought and will,  
 And power, thy purpose to fulfil;  
 On him thy choicest gifts bestow,—  
 A heart to love, a mind to know.

Lord, we believe thou didst of old,  
 Thy will to holy men unfold;  
 Proclaimed thy goodness and thy grace,  
 Inviting all to seek thy face.

Yet men rebel against thy word,  
 And disregard their sovereign Lord;  
 Living in sin, in lust, in pride,  
 Reject thy grace, thy truth deride.

Lord, to the world thy Spirit give;  
 Waken the dead and bid them live;  
 Make the deaf hear, the blind to see,  
 No peace is found except in thee.

To whom, oh Saviour, can we go  
 For pity in this world of woe?  
 Who, but thyself, can life impart,  
 Lighten the mind, and cheer the heart.

## 72

## THE ADVENT AND WORK OF CHRIST.

*ISAIAH 9, 6.*

Unto us a child is born,  
 Unto us a son is given;  
 Mighty God! most wonderful!  
 Lord of earth, and Lord of heaven!

Son of God and son of man,  
 Thou didst deign on earth to dwell;  
 Jesus—the Eternal Word,  
 Thou art our Immanuel.

Thou, the true Messiah, sent  
 Israel to redeem and bless,  
 Over all to rule and reign,  
 King in perfect righteousness.

Object of all hearts' desire,  
 Sent to raise our fallen race,  
 Shewing us a Father's love,  
 In God's reconciled face.

O'er the world thy reign extend,  
 Sovereign Lord of all art thou,  
 Every people owns thy sway,  
 Every knee to thee shall bow.

Prince of Salem! Prince of peace!  
 Of the church the glorious Head!  
 Conqueror over sin and death!  
 First begotten from the dead!

Great High Priest and Saeriffee,  
 Thou hast an atonement made,  
 All our snufferings have borne,  
 All our sins on thee were laid.

Risen to thy throne above,  
 Pleading, by thy presenee there,  
 For the Father's grace and love,  
 Answering to thy people's prayer.

Thee we soon expeet to see  
 In the elouds of glory eome,  
 Gathering all thy saints to thee,  
 In their everlasting home.

### 73 "LORD INCREASE OUR FAITH."

Oh Lord, inerease my faith,  
 Give me this prieceless grace,  
 That I may hear thee speak to me,  
 That I may see thy face.

No mortal eye or ear  
 Thy glory may pereeeive;  
 But in thy promised presence here,  
 Unseeing I believe.

Thy pleasure to perform,  
 The will—'tis thine to give;  
 Grant me thy Holy Spirit's aid,  
 That I by faith may live.

O Lord, inerease my faith  
 That thou art ever nigh  
 In hours of sorrow, pain, and death,  
 That I in faith may die!

## 74

## AFTER DEATH.

*"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."*  
Hebrews, 4, 9.

For the people of God there remaineth a rest,  
Where weariness, sorrow, and sufferings cease;  
And the Saviour is gone to the realms of the blest,  
To prepare them a place in that region of peace.

Where that place is we know not, sufficient his word  
That where he resides there his followers shall be;  
They shall dwell evermore in the presence of God,  
Redeemed from all evil,—from dangers made free.

When through death's gloomy vale the believer has trod  
And his flesh is to dust and corruption consigned,  
With the glorified saints and the angels of God,  
Shall the soul, disembodied, true liberty find.

There will spirits, made perfect in love, have a home,  
Till the morning shall dawn when the dead will awake;  
At the sound of the trumpet the judgment shall come,  
And their bodies the saints, incorruptible, take.

Then will life be eternal, unceasing the joy;  
Then for ever will knowledge and wisdom increase;  
In fulfilling the will of their God—their employ—  
And for ever will flow, like a river, their peace.

## 75

## MYSTERIES.

*"What is man that thou art mindful of him."*—Psalm 8, 4.

How wondrous is thy condescension, Lord,  
Worship and praise from sinners to receive;  
Wondrous the blessings promised in thy word  
To all who, with their heart, that word receive.

Great is the mystery of the first creation!  
 Wondrous God's love and providential care!  
 Greater the mystery of man's destination—  
 Heaven's bliss and immortality to share.

Richly endowed with reason, will, and feeling,  
 Ever a sinful and rebellious race,  
 Restored to hope again, by God's revealing  
 Pardon and safety through his sovereign grace.

Throughout all ages thou hast been the same,  
 Our fathers' God—they put their trust in thee;  
 Remember, Lord, thine own memorial name,  
 Our Saviour, King, and Sanctifier be.

Infinite love, Eternal God, is thine!  
 Infinite love, oh Christ, abides in thee!  
 Infinite love, oh Holy Ghost, divine!  
 We worship and adore thee, Holy Trinity.

## 76

## COMFORT.

*"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."*—Isaiah 40.

Comfort ye, comfort to my people bring;  
 Tell them their sins are covered and forgiven;  
 Jesus, the Lord, has been revealed as King,  
 And, as a Conqueror, returned to heaven.

Man is but grass—a feeble flower at best—  
 Bright in the morning,—fading with the day;  
 Possessing in himself no root of rest,  
 He is like chaff the whirlwind sweeps away.

Hear the glad tidings what the Lord hath done;  
 Living and dying for his chosen flock,  
 His mighty arm the victory hath won;  
 We rest, in hope, on Christ the living rock.



Like the tall cedars we securely stand,  
 As fruitful trees within his garden fair;  
 Planted and watered by the Father's hand,  
 The fruits of peace and righteousness we bear.

We wait upon thee, Lord; to thee we call!  
 We would, though faint, pursue the heavenly road;  
 Permit us not, through weariness, to fall,  
 But bring us safely, by thy power, to God.

## 77 THE UNIVERSAL FATHER.

*"He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good; and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."*—Matthew 5, 45.

Would that the poet's power were mine,  
 To sing his praise, in strains divine,  
 Whose goodness and whose boundless grace  
 Extends to all of Adam's race.

He formed their bodies from the dust,  
 With spirits holy, pure, and just,  
 'Till sin had all their nature changed,  
 From God and holiness estranged.

Still blessings he to all extends:  
 His rain on good and ill descends;  
 Bounties of earth, and hopes of heaven,  
 He, through the Eternal Son, hath given.

Lord, who can scan thy mercy's height?  
 Who understand thy rule aright?  
 Grant that thy love to us may be  
 The measure of our love to thee.

## 78 THE FIRST COMING OF CHRIST.

*ISAIAH 25, 6—12.*

Written in thine ancient word,  
 Precious promises are found,  
 Of thy coming, mighty Lord,  
 And a gospel's joyful sound.

Thou hast ever to the poor  
 And the needy in distress,  
 Been a refuge and a tower,  
 Their defence and righteousness.

On the mountain tops appear  
 Feasts of wine and food refined,  
 Clouds and darkness disappear,  
 Truth illuminates the mind.

Death no longer need we dread;  
 Fears before his presenee flee;  
 Faith in Christ, our living Head,  
 Wins for us the victory.

God has come with men to dwell;  
 We have waited for him long;  
 Unto our Immanuel,  
 Waken a triumphant song.

Him whose trust on thee is stayed,  
 Thou wilt keep in perfect peace;  
 Nought can make us now afraid,  
 Everlasting strength is his.

Oh, ye true and righteous nation,  
 All who love his presenee come,  
 Seek his bulwarks of Salvation,  
 Find a safe eternal home.

*"With God all things are possible."*—Matthew 19, 26.

Oh thou who didst upon old chaos move,  
Upheaved the earth, and formed the rolling sea,  
Spread the star-spangled firmament above,—  
All things are possible to thee.

The sun and moon, created by thy hand,  
Darkness dispelled, and light began to be,  
Both day and night obeying thy command,—  
All things are possible to thee.

With living creatures thou the earth didst fill,  
Peopling with life the earth and air and sea,  
Appointing all to do thy sovereign will,—  
All things are possible to thee.

Thou into man didst breathe a living soul,  
Clothed him with grace and beauty, fair to see,  
To live with thee while countless ages roll,—  
All things are possible to thee.

When the dread power of Satan marr'd thine earth  
With sin and death, with pain and misery,  
Thou didst provide of life a second birth,—  
All things are possible to thee.

We have the blest assurance of thy word  
That we, through grace, redeemed from death may be;  
Thou art of life and death the sovereign Lord,—  
All things are possible to thee.

# 80 In Memoriam.

A BELOVED SISTER (M. E. B.)

*September 4th, 1871.*

Gathered around the grave where one we love,  
Mourners and friends, a sister dear we lay,  
Seeing no sign or token from above,  
Almost we hear the angels, whispering, say:—

“Why, oh believer, why so sadly weeping?  
Let your disquietude and sorrow cease;  
Is not her spirit in the Saviour’s keeping,  
Has she not reached the home of joy and peace?”

Did she not live a constant life of faith,  
In humble trust believe her sins forgiven,  
Through much affliction reach the gates of death,  
Has she not found a a bless’d abode in heaven?

Waiting in hope the resurrection morn,  
She will no more to mortal eye appear,  
Until with all his saints by angels borne,  
She meets her Lord with triumph in the air.”

May we, relying on thy sovereign grace,  
Follow our sister as she followed thee,  
For ever seek in heaven our resting place,  
Since where our treasure is our hearts will be.

Teach us, oh Lord, submission to thy will,  
To thee we would commit our friends, our home;  
Bless’d with thy presence we shall fear no ill,  
But calmly wait in faith our change to come.

# 81 THE SECOND ADVENT.

*"Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."*

Revelation 22, 20.

Mighty Lord, descend again,  
Take thy power—begin thy reign!  
Oh fulfil thy spoken word,  
Gird upon thy thigh, the sword!

Let thy barèd arm appear!  
Raise aloft thy glittering spear!  
Let thy foes thy footstool be!  
Captive lead captivity!

Scatter evil with thy breath!  
Conquer sin! Abolish death!  
Strike the power of Satan down!  
Take the kingdom and the crown!

Thou art sov'reign ruler, Lord,  
All things rest upon thy word;  
Speak the word and give the sign,  
Consummate thy great design.

Bend thy bow, all hearts subdue,  
Re-create the world anew;  
For the honour of thy name,  
Holiness and peace proclaim.

Let the harvest now begin,  
Put the gathering sickle in;  
In the clouds of glory come,  
Take thy waiting people home. Amen.

## 82 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Matthew 26, 26. Mark 14, 22. Luke 22, 19. 1 Corinth. 11, 23

We would remember thee, oh Lord,  
According to thy gracious word,  
When at thy board we meet;  
We see the tokens of thy love,  
We learn the wisdom from above,  
While seated at thy feet.

We do believe thou cam'st from heaven,  
By the Almighty Father given,  
With man on earth to dwell;  
In thee we see God's glory shine,  
We know thou art thyself Divine,  
The true Immanuel.

The virgin's womb, the oxen's stall—  
Thou didst not scorn—though Lord of all—  
The humblest guise of earth.  
A star the eastern sages led,  
To worship at thy manger bed,  
And hail the heavenly birth.

Living as infant, child, and youth,  
In perfect holiness and truth,  
Thy wondering mother saw  
Thee subject to herself, and still  
Working in all thy Father's will,  
With thankful joy and awe.

A voice was in the desert heard:  
"Prepare the way for Christ the word  
Of truth and life and light.  
To heal diseases of the mind,  
And from the eyeballs of the blind,  
Dispel the gloom of night."

When this,—th' appointed time was come,  
 Jesus, thou left thy cottage home,  
     Thy mission then began,  
 To preach good tidings to the poor,  
 And to disperse the boundless store  
     Of gifts from God to man.

About the Galilean lake,  
 Daily thou didst thy journey take,  
     And men beheld thy face,  
 As of God's well beloved son,  
 The promised, the anointed one,  
     So full of truth and grace.

We do believe that demons left  
 Their human prey, of power bereft,  
     Obedient to thy word.  
 Thou didst with strength endow the weak,  
 Make the deaf hear, the dumb to speak,  
     The dead to life restored.

Only creative power divine,  
 Could make the water into wine,  
     At Cana's marriage feast;  
 Whilst all who saw the scanty bread,  
 On which the multitudes were fed,  
     Thy mighty power confessed.

All nature testified to thee;  
 The winds, the waves, the withered tree,  
     The solemn lesson taught;  
 Thy piercing eye, divine, could scan  
 All evil and all good in man,  
     And reach his inmost thought.

We would accept with lively faith,  
 The mysteries of thy life and death,  
     For sinners freely given;  
 The Spirit's power—the second birth—  
 Needed to raise our souls from earth,  
     And make us meet for heaven.

Though as a man approved of God,  
 Thy feet the desert humbly trod,  
     And griefs and sorrows bore;  
 Before all worlds the eternal Son,  
 With God and with the Spirit one,  
     One God for evermore.

No sorrow ever equalled thine,  
 No grief,—yet thou didst not repine  
     Beneath the stroke of heaven;  
 Thy cruel death, thy piercèd side,  
 Jesus for us thou suffered,—died,  
     That we might be forgiven.

But thou didst triumph over death,  
 Ascend to heaven—that we, by faith,  
     Triumphantly may cry  
 With all thy saints, and joyful sing:  
 “Where now, oh death, is found thy sting?  
     Where, grave, thy victory?”

Oh may we live a life of faith,  
 And apprehend thy life and death,  
     As pledges freely given;  
 And trusting to thy wondrous love,  
 May join the marriage feast above,  
     With thy redeemed in heaven.



When at thy feast of bread and wine,  
 The emblems of thy love divine,  
     We will remember thee;  
 Shew forth thy death till thou again  
 Shalt come in clouds with power to reign,  
     Sov'reign of all to be.

Lord, in the bread which we partake,  
 Thy body, broken for our sake,  
     We would by faith perceive;  
 The cup, the covenant of thy blood,  
 Drink—and of thy gracious word,  
     All mysteries believe.

## 83

## HOPE.

*"That ye may abound in hope, through the power of the  
 Holy Ghost."*—Romans 15, 13.

Oh Holy Ghost—in every heart  
 Make thy abode and hope impart;  
 Thy comforts fain would we receive,  
 Since we thy power and grace believe.

Thy presence saves from every snare,  
 From doubts, presumption, and despair;  
 Makes all our fears and sorrows cease,  
 And guides us in the paths of peace.

We would thy blessed influence seek,  
 To make us penitent and meek;  
 To sanctify our thoughts within,  
 And keep us free from secret sin.

So shall we patiently endure  
 All trials; when of pardon sure,  
 Our hope will evermore abound,  
 Since we, by faith, in Christ are found.

The hope that saves, through faith and love,  
 Extending into worlds above,  
 An everlasting hope, through grace,  
 To dwell with Christ and see his face. Amen.

## 84 CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.

*"Sanctify them through thy truth—thy word is truth."*

John 17, 17.

Thy blessing, Lord, on us bestow,  
 That we thy saving truth may know;  
 That we in all thy ways may trace,  
 Thy mighty power, thy plenteous grace.

Our souls enlighten by thy word,—  
 Thou art of heaven and earth the Lord;  
 Though from all mortal eyes concealed,  
 Thou hast thyself to us revealed.

One God,—one Lord,—we worship thee,  
 Almighty from eternity,  
 Creator of the world,—and still  
 Upholding all things by thy will.

To Israel's seed thou didst of old  
 The secret of thy name unfold,  
 As Father, Son, and Spirit give,  
 Thy holy word by which we live.

There we are taught,—infinite love  
 Brought the Redeemer from above,  
 To save from death, to quell our fears,  
 And from all faces banish tears.

A Comforter,—the Holy One,  
 Descending from the eternal throne,  
 Comes to the aid of contrite hearts,  
 And love and joy and peace imparts.

Glory and praise and honour be,  
 Eternal, undivided three,  
 To thee, the Father—Spirit—Son—  
 The wonderful, Almighty ONE. Amen.

## 85

## OMNIPRESENCE.

*“Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.”—Ps. 9, 10.*

Without thy constant care, oh Lord,  
 Without thy blessing with thy word,  
 And strength renewed from hour to hour,  
 Our hearts would yield to Satan’s power.

In times of poverty or wealth,  
 In times of sickness, times of health,  
 In times of sorrow, joy, or fear,  
 Oft we forget that thou art near.

The Tempter whispers in our ears:  
 “Vain are your hopes, and vain your fears;  
 Wisdom or folly matters not,  
 The world is by its God forgot.”

“He may have made the earth and sky,  
 But now, withdrawn, he lives on high,  
 Disdains to look on aught so weak,  
 You would in vain his notice seek.”

We have thy never-failing word  
That thou art still the sovereign Lord,  
Ruling the world,—its good, its ill,  
Controlled by thine almighty will.

Hearing the prayers thy people raise,  
Accepting, too, their feeble praise;  
Sustaining life, providing food,  
And guiding all things for their good.

Lord, unto thee I raised my cry,  
Forsake me not,—I know thou'rt nigh;  
My weakness pity,—sins forgive,  
Say to my soul: arise and live.

Thou art, oh Lord, in trouble near;  
Graft in my heart thy love and fear;  
The God of providence indeed—  
A present help in time of need.

Thou King of Salem, King of Peace,  
The only source of righteousness,  
Author and finisher of faith,  
Guard me through life and unto death.

## 86

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

*"I will go into thy gates with thanksgiving, and into thy courts  
with praise.—Psalm 100.*

Jesus—Master—Christ, to thee,  
Humbly we would bow the knee,  
Worship in the dust before thee,  
As our King and Lord adore thee.

Thou on earth with man did dwell,  
 God and man—Immanuel;  
 To thine honour we would raise  
 Prayers and hymns and songs of praise.

By thy labours, sorrows, tears,  
 We have been relieved from fears;  
 Thy obedience sets us free,  
 From the law's dread penalty.

By thy blood, for sinner's spilt,  
 We are cleansèd from our guilt;  
 Thou alone the winepress trod,  
 Turned aside the wrath of God.

By thy deep humiliation  
 Thou hast purchased our salvation;  
 Whilst thy cross and sufferings prove  
 Thine is an unbounded love.

Thou from judgment and the prison,  
 Through the grave to glory risen,  
 With the angel hosts before thee,  
 Lord, we worship and adore thee.

Lord thy wondrous mereies crown,  
 Send the promised Spirit down,  
 Dwell by faith in every heart,  
 Hope and peace and joy impart.

Raise the contrite from distress,  
 Clothe us in thy righteousness;  
 By thy rich and sovereign grace,  
 Fit us to behold thy face.

*"Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."*

John 20, 29.

[See Note B.]

When Moses through the desert led  
Israel—redeemed from Egypt's yoke,  
By miracle the host was fed,  
And in their ears Jehovah spoke.

They saw the pillar and the cloud,  
The tabernacle's wondrous light,  
Sinai on fire,—heard thunders loud,—  
Trembling with fear at sound and sight.

Yet though they could by sense perceive  
The power divine,—their guard and guide,—  
Yet would not in their hearts believe,—  
By every idol turned aside.

The fool who in his heart denies  
This fair creation's God and Lord,  
Could one e'en from the dead arise,  
Would still reject and scorn his word.

"Give us a sign," the sceptic cries,—  
Reason and truth alike forbid!  
He claims to see with mortal eyes  
The things infinite love hath hid.

By faith we walk, and not by sight,  
Upon thy promises we rest;  
Make them, oh Lord, our heart's delight,—  
Thy written word for us is best.

Herein we read and learn and know  
Thy words, thy life, thy wondrous love,  
Thy sufferings borne for us below,  
The glory of thy reign above.

We seek no sign, no wonder crave  
 To gratify our senses now,  
 We know thy mighty power to save,—  
 Who could convert the soul but thou ?

When dead in trespasses and sin,  
 'Tis thou alone can life restore,  
 Repentance give, and peace within,  
 And hope of joy for evermore.

## 88

## PATIENT WAITING.

*"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."*—Lamentations 3, 26.

Lord, I will wait thy time—for thee,  
 In patience, too, my soul possess,  
 That I may thy salvation see,  
 Thy mercy and thy righteousness.

Mid worldly changes, doubts, and pain,  
 When o'er me floods of sorrow flow,  
 A lively hope I will retain,  
 Thy faithfulness and truth I know.

Though clouds and darkness veil thy face,  
 Light will break through the gloom at length;  
 Eternal is thy power and grace,  
 And rest and quietness our strength.

For, Lord, thou never wilt forsake  
 Those who thy promises believe,  
 They will thy people's bliss partake,  
 And everlasting life receive.

## FOR OUR COUNTRY.

Lord, be graeious to this nation,  
 We are waiting still for thee,  
 In thine arm is our salvation,  
 Thou our guide and ruler be.

All thy laws are just and holy,  
 All thy preepts right and pure,  
 Perfect are thy statutes wholly,  
 And thy righteous judgments sure.

Long have we enjoyed the blessing,  
 To thy favoured people given,  
 In thine oraeles possessing  
 Guidance in the path to heaven.

Yet how oft have we forsaken  
 Thee, the fount of truth and light,  
 Cisterns without water taken,  
 Fables followed with delight.

Wealth and honours, worldly pleasures,  
 Idols of the sense and mind,  
 Of our hearts the eherished treasures,  
 Make us to thy presenee blind.

We against thy rule have striven,  
 Cast thy loving eords aside,  
 Followed other guides, and given  
 All our will to self and pride.

Pardon, Lord, our sins and blindness,  
 Make our proud rebellion eease;  
 In thy boundless lovingkindness,  
 Give us faith and joy and peace.



*“Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of me.”—John 5, 39.*

We thank thee for thy written word,  
Ancient of days,—Creator, Lord,  
Though all thy works thy power proclaim,  
Thy word alone makes known thy name.

From prophets' and apostles' hands,  
The everlasting record stands;  
While empires rise and pass away,  
And temples crumble and decay.

The volume of thy book displays  
Thy nature and thy wondrous ways;  
Tells us that sin may be forgiven,  
And sinners learn the path to heaven.

How precious are thy thoughts to us,  
Conveyed through countless ages thus;  
Their number too exceeds our thought,  
With wisdom and instruction fraught.

Help us to search with fervent prayer,  
And find thyself, O Saviour, there,  
Spirit divine, thy light bestow,  
That we the truth revealed may know.

Thou art, O Christ, the living word,  
The wisdom, truth, and power of God,  
And whosoe'er is found in thee,  
Will be from condemnation free.

## 91 THE LAW, CONSCIENCE, AND THE GOSPEL.

The law of old, from Sinai given,  
Mid thunders, fire, and mountain riven,  
And trumpet sound, with terrors fraught,  
The way of life to Israel taught.

The preepts of that law has thus  
Been rendered by our Lord for us:  
"Give thy whole heart to God above,  
And, as thyself thy neighbour love."

This law of love did God impart,  
Its impress stamp on every heart,  
And conscience gave, an inward light,  
To prove it holy, just and right.

Thy comprehensive precept, Lord,  
Is in our view exceeding broad;  
And every action, every thought,  
Is to the bar of judgment brought.

The written law, the voice within,  
Convinee us of our guilt and sin,  
Leave us all hopeless and undone,  
Till saved by sovereign grace alone.

Lord, thou didst come in mortal flesh,  
To enforce and teach that law afresh,  
And, by thy holy life, to prove  
The power of all-pervading love.

Living and dying for our sake,  
 Thou didst a full atonement make;  
 Of all transgressions bore the load,  
 And reconciled mankind to God.

Rising to heaven, thou didst provide  
 A holy teacher, guard, and guide,  
 To make our hearts his own abode,  
 And light the path which leads to God.

Oft, by rebellion and by sin,  
 We grieve this monitor within;  
 Wander, presumptuously, astray,—  
 From peace and mercy turn away.

Whilst we retain this mortal life,  
 Evil and good maintain their strife;  
 The world, the flesh, and Satan, still  
 Corrupt our hearts and sway our will.

Our secret sins lie graven deep  
 On memory's tablet, where they sleep,  
 Close folded and concealed from sight,  
 Till conscience draws them forth to light.

This is the record which we dread,  
 When from the dust arise the dead,  
 And in the solemn judgment-day,  
 Before all eyes our guilt display.

The Tempter oft excites our fears,  
 Tells us, in vain our prayers and tears;  
 Shows us the terrors of the grave,  
 "From death," he says, "no power can save."

Jehovah ! thy memorial name  
 Is through all ages still the same;  
 Thou dost thy grace and pardon give,—  
 Bid sinners to repent and live.

Prophets and priests and kings of old,  
 Have of thy lovingkindness told;  
 Have found thy faithfulness endure,  
 And been of life eternal sure.

We have thy promise, gracious Lord,  
 Sealed in thy never-failing word,  
 That those who live a life of faith,  
 And trust thy sacrificial death,

Who, while they live, to sin have died,  
 From all corruption purified,  
 Will to immortal life awake,  
 And of thy perfect bliss partake.

Lord by thy Spirit's mighty breath,  
 Waken our souls from sin and death,  
 Restore thy image in our heart,  
 And hope and holiness impart.

Blot our transgressions from thy book,  
 And only on our Surety look,  
 Who on the cross our trespass bore,  
 Never to be remembered more.

The power, the glory, Lord, is thine,  
 Quicken our souls by love divine;  
 We of ourselves must helpless be,  
 Till saved from sin and death by thee.

## CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Object of my heart's desire,  
 Jesus—crucified for me,  
 I to happiness aspire,  
 Only to be found in thee.

    Thee to praise and thee to know,  
     Is my hope and joy below;  
     Thee to see and thee to love,  
     Will be perfect bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,  
 If thy presence thou deny;  
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,  
 'Tis no longer death to die.

    Source and giver of repose,  
     From thy smile alone it flows;  
     Holiness and peace are thine,  
     Mine they are if thou art mine.

Whilst I know thy love to me,  
 Every morning brings new joy;  
 Daily would I walk with thee,  
 In thy service life employ.

    Earthly ills I, calm, endure,  
     Of thy help and comfort sure;  
     Lord, if I thy grace possess,  
     Life is perfect happiness.

Born in sin, by nature vile,  
 Thou hast cleansed me by thy blood;  
 Purified my lips from guile,  
 Reconciled my soul to God.

    Quickened by thy Holy Spirit,  
     Through thine all-sufficient merit,  
     Clothed in righteousness, divine,  
     Everlasting joy is mine.

*"God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for he shall receive me.—Psalm 49, 15.*

When my appointed time is come  
 To leave the earth for ever,  
 Lord Jesus take me to thine home,  
 Beyond death's gloomy river;  
 As on its margin, lone, I stand,  
 I yield myself into thy hand.

More than the sands upon the shore  
 Of ocean, are my errors;  
 Though they afflict and pain me sore,  
 Yet death hath lost its terrors,  
 For Jesus—Lord—I think of thee,  
 And all thou hast endured for me.

Brief is the strife, though sharp the pain,  
 That severs flesh and spirit;  
 My loss will be eternal gain,—  
 I endless life inherit.  
 While friends around are sadly weeping,  
 Take, Lord, my soul into thy keeping.

I shall not in the grave remain,  
 Since thou hast past its portal;  
 In triumph shall I rise again  
 With thee to life immortal,  
 To dwell with thee in heaven above,  
 To see thy face, and sing thy love. Amen.

A blessing, Lord, upon my verse I seek,  
If it accords with thy most holy will,  
To cheer with hope the contrite and the meek,  
And the good pleasure of thy grace fulfil.

Though weak and simple are my humble lays,  
My theme is vast, and high as heaven above;  
By grace inspired to sing the Saviour's praise,  
And tell the story of his life and love.

Since I have known how good and kind thou art,  
I would be ever speaking of thy word;  
Thy truth and faithfulness to all impart,  
And teaching those who hear to love thee, Lord.

Great peace have they who put their trust in thee,  
Who see a Father's hand, whate'er befall;  
In joy or sorrow, thou wilt ever be  
Their Saviour, Refuge, Lord,—their all in all.

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NOTE A.

The writer of these Hymns is well aware of their defects. Among others, he may be justly charged with repetition of the same sentiments. On this he would remark, that the truths of God's Holy Word, concise and beautiful in their phraseology, present to us, like objects in the kaleidoscope, new forms of beauty and interest in every combination and in every aspect. Who could spare the repetitions in the Psalms?

It is probable that several phrases may be found belonging to other hymn writers. The author is conscious of having appropriated two or three; but these are gems, and he ventures to hope they are not injured by re-setting.

In a recent number of the *Contemporary Review* there is a proposal to test the efficacy of prayer by a statistical experiment. I am unable to see any wisdom, or even common sense, in this proposal. It would be challenging Almighty God to violate the rule of his government, and provide a sensible proof of his existence and power. It is nothing more than the old cry, "Show us a sign that we may see and believe."

Gibbon says of the Jews, that, contrary to human nature, they were sceptical and disobedient so long as they had visible and audible experience of the presence of God; but when all sensible evidence was withdrawn, they became not merely believers but obstinate in their faith. The insinuation is very cunning—but false. So far from being contrary to human nature,—to the constant ways of men, it exactly conforms to all experience.—*See* Luke xvi. 29, 31; 2 Peter i. 17, 19. The rejection of the Saviour by the multitudes who witnessed his divine power in miracles contrasted with the result of the first preaching of the Apostles, is another striking instance. And this is seen not merely in the uneducated and ignorant.—*See* Acts vi. 7.

NOTE C. Pages 89 and 90.

I have introduced two hymns, one of Toplady's and one from the German of Heeman, which I have ventured to alter and extend. This proceeding as a general rule is very objectionable.

Changes have been made in hymns too often without taste or discretion, until the original forms have been obscured or entirely lost.

What should we say were the national pictures painted over and altered in this fashion?

Our English hymns are incomparably more precious than any pictures or other treasures.

The late Prince Consort is said to have derived comfort in his last hours from Toplady's hymn, "Rock of Ages." If so, it must have been to him a treasure far more valuable than the Koh-i-noor or a royal gallery of pictures.

Highly as the hymns in our language (so rich in number and variety) are esteemed, it is surprising that they are not more, not merely used, but studied. If they were justly appreciated they would be more carefully preserved; and although collections are so numerous (said to be upwards of 600), it would be an admirable work to publish a complete body of hymn writers, as has been done with the secular poets.



It must be admitted that in many cases hymns selected for public worship require more or less alteration and abridgement. This should always be done with great care and by competent persons.

When Wesley substituted the line

“Before Jehovah’s awful throne”

for a weak verse beginning that beautiful hymn of Watts’, the improvement is obvious. On the other hand, in the collection of the S. P. C. K., Doddridge’s

“Oh God of Bethel”

is replaced by “Oh God of Abraham,”—a change wholly indefensible.

Wesley’s Advent Hymn, which he began,

“Hark! how all the welkin rings,  
Glory to the King of kings,”

has been altered to,

“Hark! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King,”

and this has been generally accepted. I quote this to illustrate the principle which should, I think, guide all hymn writers and collectors who would alter hymns, namely, *no word or line should convey an unscriptural idea*. Neither of the above couplets is consistent with the narrative.—Luke ii. 13, 14. It would be nearer the truth to say,

“Hark! from heaven the angels cry,  
Glory be to God most high.”

If this principle were strictly adopted, a line commonly retained amid many variations in the Advent Hymn,

“Lo, he comes in clouds descending,”  
must be altered—

“Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.”

This is not in accordance with Rev. i. 7. Our blessed Lord prayed that his immediate executioners might be forgiven. Who can say his prayer was unavailing? They may be among those who most joyfully hail his coming in glory!

It would be well if every hymn used in public worship were thoughtfully examined and corrected by the unerring standard of Holy Scripture. Many expressions often heard and sung are highly objectionable, (it must be from heedlessness,) conveying the impression that it is only lip worship.

Thus the concluding couplet of Keble's beautiful and popular Evening Hymn is not a tenet of Christianity. For

“Till in the ocean of thy love

We lose ourselves in heaven above,”

I propose to substitute—

“Till brought by thy redeeming love

To dwell with thee in heaven above.”

Such phrases as “Jesus is God” are opposed to the creeds, and wholly unwarranted. “Jesus” is the name appropriated to our blessed Lord's human nature, and is never used in Scripture in any other sense. Epithets, too, are attached to that name in many hymns which must be most painful to every thoughtful person. Surely after reading Rev. i. 17, no one can use it, or other designations of the Saviour, without deep reverence and Godly fear.

The person and work of the Holy Spirit also are not unfrequently spoken of in hymns as if they were objects of sense and not solely of faith. Surely all sensuous expressions in reference to this doctrine should be avoided.

When a verse or line in any hymn is found contrary to any known fact in nature, or history, it should be omitted or corrected. Thus, one line in Toplady's admirable hymn, “Rock of ages,” has been judiciously altered; and many could be pointed out in hymnals in extensive use, demanding similar correction.

Sometimes a hymn writer has struck out a happy thought, and yet has failed in his attempt to work it out in his verses. It would seem unobjectionable for another to adopt the thought and do it justice. So Wesley and Madan constructed the hymn, “Lo, he comes,” on an idea of Oliver. So the Rev. J. H. Gurney, in the beautiful verses beginning,

“We saw thee not when thou didst come

To this poor world of sin and death,”

built on another's foundation.

The writer of “How bright those glorious spirits shine” took the thought from Watts. I am speaking rather of truth and conformity with Holy Scripture than of taste and refinement—on which much might be said. I hope the two hymns I have added to my own, and much altered, exemplify both.











